

Statesman" had expressed "what we all knew, whether we wished to live now, or wished to die" (like the poet Korymbos whose suicide in 1928 shocked Seferis's generation). He wondered in 1952, no less than he had twenty years before, what drew him so powerfully to Eliot. The one stumbling-block for Seferis was Eliot's "militant Anglo-Catholicism". He rejected the lines in *Ash Wednesday*:

When walked between the violet and the violet
When walked between
The various ranks of varied green

as being "more of a heraldic ornament than a genuine image". Comparing Cavafy and Eliot he described them as the Hellenic and the Anglo-Latin. In spite of a shared concern for European civilization, and an interest in Dante whom Seferis had discovered in 1935 "as a teacher, a master of the art", Eliot's Latin allegiance could not be his. He dismissed the view put forward by Eliot that the near-Christian sensibility of Aeneas was superior to anything found in Homer, adducing against this Books VI and XXIV of the *Iliad*.

Reading both Seferis's criticism and his poetry, critics have not failed to see how much they have gained from Eliot. Not only did he awaken the sense of the past in the present, but also he brought "something that could not fail to move a Greek: the element of tragedy". Seferis's apprenticeship to Eliot enabled him rapidly to become himself: this shows already in *Mythistorima*. The difference between them is that Seferis turned for his understanding of history to purely Greek sources: in part to Cavafy, more significantly to the tragedians and, above all, Aeschylus, and also to a man of the people, Makriyannis the peasant general in the War of Independence, whose *Memoirs* constantly refreshed him with their native honesty and the rough-hewn eloquence that showed "a man in the stature of man... neither superman nor worm".

Seferis found no difficulty in linking the wisdom of Makriyannis with Aeschylean drama. The history of Greece through the ages has been predominantly tragic, and Seferis, destined all through life to be "storm-tossed by military risings, dictatorships, changes of régime", to witness destruction and know despair, could discern as early as 1935 in human affairs the inexorable order of the *Oresteia*:

I have followed so many times
the road from the murderer to the slain
from the slain to the retribution
and from retribution to the next murder...

As in Argos, "the Holy Ones [Semeis] began to whistle in the scanty grass". This was "our fate".

The "Holy Ones" were the Furies who in the final play of the trilogy consented to settle in Athens as benign goddesses, the Eumenides, under the Areopagus where justice was dispensed by its Court. Seferis took great comfort from the Aeschylean doctrine of "an austere fate which looks after the balance of the universe". He reminded his audience that "in ancient tragedy... the man who exceeds the mean must be punished by the Erinyes". And he liked to stress that Heraclitus had seen the same principle at work in physical phenomena.

To a politically engaged friend who had accused him of having no ideology but merely feelings, Seferis protested that to himself it seemed his writing had "crystallized round an organically moral stem". That impression is borne out by the grave concern for Greek values which intensifies in the poems from *Mythistorima* onwards, growing very evident in *Logbook II* and *Thrush*. His satirical tendency, as displayed in the poem he wrote on the king's return in 1935 or in another of 1939 on an equestrian statue in Bucharest, is not missing from *Logbook II*. A pelican in the Cairo zoo "had the air of a downtrodden prime minister" - Tsouderos was seen by him as an object of sympathy. But the major note in his war-time poems is the tragic, and they rise to become a meditation on human destiny. "That is no less true of the poems about Cyprus."

Orfanidis points out that Seferis had taken on almost feverish interest in the rising of 1931. He had been aware of the Cyprus problem over the years since then, and particularly when he accompanied the Regent, Archbishop Damaskinos, to London in 1946 as Director of his

Political Bureau. In November 1953, when he first visited Cyprus, trouble was already beginning to seethe, but military action by EOKA still lay eighteen months ahead. Seferis's first impression of it had a political bearing. Cyprus gave him the sense of Greece "suddenly" as spacious, wider". Here was a people who spoke Greek, but did not depend on the Athens government. Seferis had already lamented the narrowing of horizons once Hellenism became identified with the Greek state. He seriously wondered at the moment of his arrival whether *Enosis* would be for the good of Cyprus, were it to be turned into "a Greek province like Corfu or Salonika." What he now discovered had a personal meaning that de-



"Kreia", 1937, by Herbert List. It is reproduced from Herbert List: Photographs 1930-1970 by Gunter Meiken (73pp. Thames and Hudson, £12.50, 0 500 54071 3).

manded utterance in poetry. His wanderings in Asia Minor had shown him a graveyard of Hellenism; but here in Cyprus it came alive, in a simple, almost archaic community which reminded him of Smyrna, with customs he had not encountered since childhood, and on a soil where miracles could still happen. For nine hundred years, he wrote to his sister, the Cypriots had endured foreign domination, by Crusaders, Venetians, the Turks and the British, but they had remained "unimaginably true to themselves". The effect of this first visit was like a home-coming, to the immemorial Hellenic world and to his creative self so long suppressed by public duties.

The light of Attica always seemed in his eyes to be life-enabling, to give a "tremendous assurance". The first poem of *Logbook III* opens with an allusion to Homer: "And you see the light of the sun as the ancients said". Here in Cyprus that light is

the golden net
where things palpitate like the fish
that a great angel draws in
with the nets of the fisherman.

The final poem of the series, "Engomi", has the same note of miracle. A week after arrival Seferis had been taken to see excavations in progress of a Minoan city. "Streets, houses sketched in with their foundations the shape of a life that had ceased". The mild splendour of the afternoon, the unusual light, the beauty of a girl at work in the trenches, moved him to set down the first lines for a poem:

ENOOMI
Give a soul to the clouds if you can
give the endless silence a voice,
this plain might be in the god's embrace
the light dances and does not dance
and the girl's breast firm and tender
signifies the lips of an unknown infant.

In the midday hours a little later

I have wanted to rest here in this place
from the food of the desert.

The light that "dances and does not dance" afterwards reminded him of a passage from the Apocryphal Gospel of St James which he had copied into the preceding journal. "And

Joseph was walking, and I walked not... And I looked up into the pole of heaven and saw it standing still...". Seferis's poem, completed in 1955, similarly describes a moment of arrest in time, and the girl is assumed into heaven, like a Holy Virgin but not with specifically Christian meaning.

So *Logbook III* begins and ends with a vision of the mimetic. This was the gift to Seferis from Cyprus. The two poems in question, not unreasonably though this further dimension enhances the sequence, hold no more than a marginal interest for Orfanidis. While he is scrupulous to insist that Seferis's poetry seeks to transcend the merely political, its more direct relation to the political scene engages

"Homer's world, not ours", as the epigraph from Auden indicates.

"Details of Cyprus" - a poem the title of which bears witness to Seferis's fascination with the history, the antiquities, the dialect of the island - ends with the image of a well-worn groaning when it is moved. "That cry / given out by the ancient sinews of the wood / why did you call it the voice of our country?" As Orfanidis perceptively comments, there is a link here with "the wrinkles of our fathers" in *Mythistorima*. One might also refer to Seferis's admiration of an old Cretan fighter in 1941, "full of wrinkles like an olive-tree". When thinking of Greece he takes heart from "these unknown men" who are "the best thing our country has". Of himself he once wrote: "Essentially I remain always a villager".

Seferis liked to recall the protest of Makriyannis against "guile and deceit". When he criticized British and American policy on Cyprus, uppermost in his mind was its disregard for the wishes of the Cypriot Greeks, a majority of four to one in the population. But he did deplore the "contrivance" as he called it of pretending that the Cypriots were not really Greeks at all. *Enosis* was for him a cultural matter: he had found in Cyprus something precious, a genuine Greek identity; and he wanted its people above all to stay true to themselves in the "union" which really signified - with Hellenic tradition itself.

One of the most impressive poems in *Logbook III*, "Helen", is a story of deceit. Teucer, having been driven out from Salamis by his father for not having saved his half-brother Ajax in the Trojan War, is guided by Apollo to a new Salamis in Cyprus. On his way there he has met Helen in Egypt, who told him that a phantom had taken her place throughout the siege of Troy, as is recorded in the *Helen* of Euripides. The nightingale - pointedly called a *pythios* or Cypriot oral poet - allows him no sleep:

Great affliction had fallen upon Greece.
So many bodies thrown
into the jaws of the sea into the jaws of earth:
so many souls
given up in the millstones, like grain.

And all this "for an empty tunic, for a Helen". And the poem expresses the fear that men will fall again for "the ancient deceit of the gods" at some distant time unknown to Teucer.

Here it is Euripides' accusation of the gods that prevails. "Salamis in Cyprus" returns to the Aeschylean view normally held by Seferis: He had always admired *The Persians* for exemplifying to perfection the Greek idea of rebirth. "Xerxes, the old myth tells us, was over-come because he showed hubris, because he did an inordinant thing: he flogged the sea. Therefore he found at sea his ruin." The messenger in the play who brings back the news of Xerxes' defeat at Salamis begins his account to Atossa with the words: "There is an island, and this becomes a key phrase in Seferis's poem, which develops into a consideration of human weakness and of the ease with which madness can take over in our affairs. Two voices speak to bring "friends of the other war" to their senses. One belongs to Makriyannis, whose saying is paraphrased that the earth has no handies by which a man can leave it on to his shoulder. The other belongs to a British naval officer killed in the Battle of Crete, who had made up a prayer for his ship's company:

Lord, help us to remember
how this war came about:
the rapacity, deceit, selfishness,
the devaluation of love;
Lord, help us to uphold them...
Orfanidis finds in Seferis's poetry "the perspective of a self-awareness and a political maturity" that could save Greece from "catastrophe". Seferis elsewhere rekindled his fear that those who like Caesar the soothsayer try to warn Caesar of his peril are always going to be ignored. "Even Aeschylus to day is a kind of Artemidion who has no influence." At the conclusion of *Enosis* in Cyprus two views are contrasted. One maintains that the powerful will not be deterred from their ends: "Who will be listened to?" The other is sure that eventually the people will arrive from Salamis. The final affirmation is positive and unflinching:

The voice of this Lord upon the waters.
There is an island.

Invitations to bliss

P. N. Furbank

VIRGINIA WOOLF
The Essays of Virginia Woolf
Volume One: 1904-1912
Ed. by Hogarth Press. £18.
0002786657

It takes one a jolt to find Virginia Woolf, as late as 1909, speaking as if literature were a more or less timeless and settled question. In contrast to the bursting innovativeness of music, "A critic of writing is hardly to be taken by surprise, for he can compare almost every literary form with some earlier form and con measure its achievement by some familiar standard. But why in music has tried to do what Strauss is doing, or Debussy?" Actually, given some insight into this light, though what gives it agency is that Woolf had already begun the novel that was to become *The Voyage Out*.

She was writing those remarks for *The Times* in some "Impressions at Bayreuth", and one reflects that this, at least, is how *The Times*, and more relevantly *The Times Literary Supplement*, would certainly have wished to regard literature. But further, one may speculate that every defect of the "gentlemanly" outlook in literature, the good-mannerliness and impatience to ideas which drove Ezra Pound, may in an unexpected way have been of aid to Woolf. There are those who regard her *Common Reader* essays, a large proportion of which were written for the *TLS*, as her most enduring achievement; and, whether or not one agrees with this, one can suddenly say that, in a life in which literary work mainly represented agony, this was the part that she really enjoyed. Commissions to do a discomfiting sauntering, scholarly biographies and fat volumes of memoirs, intelligent and witty, were an invitation to bliss. "It makes me rock with delight - thinking what a number

of wonderful things I shall dig out of it in my article", she wrote to Violet Dickinson, apropos a book on Lady Hester Stanhope. "One gradually sees shapes and thinks oneself in the middle of a world."

It provides much of the pattern, not to say the pothos, of Virginia Woolf's life that she could not freely allow herself to do the things she most valued, and the kind of excitement that most promised ecstasy to her was also the most perilous. It was not only unfettered experiment in fiction that could plunge her into nervous distress; her diary-writing, also, involved her in dangerous emotions - in particular in that savagery and uncharitableness which for the reader can sometimes seem quite chilling and alarming. This may be one reason why this magnificently sharp-eyed observer of humanity (for it is what her diaries continually show her to be) was ready to content herself in her novels with rather insubstantial and conventionalized human material. It was not that human beings did not interest her, for they did so profoundly; it was that she found them oppressive - burr-like, vampirish and a threat to her being.

In not one but several ways, then, *TLS* essay-writing came to her as a salvation. Here at least she could be calmly judicious about character and conduct, as she was well fitted to be; for the dead do not have power to oppress us. Here, furthermore, she could tell herself she was writing in a tradition; never mind if it was a stuffy one, for she could always gently mock it if she felt inclined, and probably no one would notice. The beauty of a tradition was that it was something she could lean her back against; and on a superficial view there is nothing in the prose of these essays that you might not find in Bagehot, if you combined him with Walter Pater. Her own dragonfly skimmings consoled perfectly well with sententious quarterly-reviewer's wit and aspiring art-for-art's sake flights of eloquence. Even the un-receptiveness to ideas acquires a special value

from her purposes; for a flight from "ideas" - and one can hardly remember a single reference to theory, whether philosophical or political or psychoanalytical, in these essays of hers - was actually a facet of her aesthetic modernism and the most radical gesture she had to offer against Victorianism in the shape of Buckle or Leslie Stephen.

She well knew all this for herself. She would fulminate with relish to Violet Dickinson about the monstrous behaviour of literary journals, how they delighted to mangle and tame what she wrote; but it was all good "copy", and the pleasure of outwitting editors was, for her, a keen one. Later in life she conjectured that the ladylike manner acquired with her Victorian upbringing had infected her essays: "I lay the blame for their suavity, their politeness, their sidelong approach, to my tea-table training." But instantly there follows the rider that "On the other hand, this surface manner allows one to say a great many things which would be inaudible if one marched straight up and spoke out."

This splendidly edited volume is the first of six in which all Woolf's known articles are to be reprinted, and it contains some newly discovered pieces as well as very many not previously collected. In his intelligent introduction Andrew McNeillie points out the obvious advantages, for anyone interested in Woolf's development, in arranging the pieces in order of composition. She is a little fumbling just at the beginning, when paying implausible tributes to terrible novels in the pages of a magazine addressed to the high-Anglican clergy. But at least by 1906, in an essay on the Brownings' love-letters, she can be seen to have mastered her method - unmistakably so in these devastating but just words: "the eavesdropper becomes so weary of those emphatic voices, protesting and asseverating, uttering common-places with dreadful distortion of the lips and drowning even the simple emotions in a twisted torrent of language."

After the heroic phase

Chris Baldick

DAVID LODGE
The Occasional essays '65-'85
Ed. by Secker and Warburg. £12.95.
0 413 55657 7

Many readers who know David Lodge only from *Small World* or *Changing Places* will be keen to learn upon what basis of fact these globe-trotting academic romances are built. But who misbehaves with whom at which international symposium on what? And how do they find the time without missing each other's seminars? But the inquisitive will find no answers even to the "Personal and Descriptive" section of Lodge's *Write On*. All that is revealed is that the author has less in common with his Morris Zapp than with his more cautious and reticent British character Philip Swallow. Zapp's Euphoric State University derives its name from the hedonistic exhilaration of his senior's first trip to California, but after being shown a paradisaical vision of Abroad it is to the bleak, dreary, English midland city of Rummidge/Birmingham that Lodge has to return. As if to display his distance from the glamour of Zappdom, he has published here a photograph of himself lounging in a cardigan in front of a poorly tended privet-hedge. Suspected of structuralist deviations though he may be, who can damo him as "fashionable"?

Worse things, certainly, can happen to a London boy than to become a Professor of English Literature at a provincial university; but there is still - as Lodge himself implies - an aspect of his of Dantesque poignancy about a fate which seems to him to the favoured territory of the Movement. For although his first career was as a novelist owed something both to the example and the encouragement of Movement writers, Lodge's literary inclinations were always at odds with that parochial, even chauvinistic, view of British letters of the 1950s and 1960s. In criticism he looked to Continental traditions of formalism and structuralism, while in fiction he ignored the Movement's rules and held to his admiration for the giants

of Modernism - above all, for Joyce. Lodge's third novel, *The British Museum is Falling Down*, concludes its comedy of Catholics and contraptives with a daring tribute ("a colossal liberty", as he recalls it) to Molly Bloom's soliloquy; but where Joyce closes *Ulysses* with a triumphant "Yes", Lodge's pastiche ends on a "perhaps". Caught between the irrecoverable literary heroism of Joyce and the more immediately usable, though deflated, register of Kingsley Amis and John Wain, he can - as a

firmly in place by strictly symmetrical formal structures, and the virtue of restraint governs the essays and reviews in *Write On* too, although at the price of a certain blandness. For example, it would appear from this collection as if the last time Lodge got angry about anything was in 1966, during the dock strike at Southampton; nor is there much here to laugh over either, apart from a send-up of the conventional self-deprecations practised in *The Times Higher Education Supplement's* "Don's Diary" column.

The reason for the sobriety of this volume is that it is composed largely of book reviews, and that Lodge brings to this kind of writing an honourable sense of responsibility, refusing to make malicious fun of other authors. As a reviewer he is diligent (catching the *Oxford American Dictionary* without its rubber or its piece of ass) and self-deprecatingly honest, admitting that he has not read *War and Peace* - a strong bid, this, in his own game of "Humiliation" in *Changing Places*. A believer in informative rather than evaluative reviewing, Lodge knows how to inform clearly; his *Guardian* article for the D. H. Lawrence centenary, for instance, was a model of its kind, although I had not noticed until this re-reading how mischievously it seems to parody the pious formulas of modern hagiography: "A hundred years ago - on 11 September 1885, to be precise - in the small terraced home of a coalminer, a child was born who grew up to become..."

Reviewing a much larger collection of reviews by John Updike, Lodge asks what kind of vanity could prompt an author to "dump" the lap of the reading public on to the desks of his fellow reviewers, an unabridged compendium of nearly a decade's fugitive journalism. The justification in his own case, apart from the intrinsic interest of Lodge's essays on Mallor or on the Movement, is that *Write On* is partly a fund-raising exercise to which the royalties will go to a charity for the mentally handicapped. As a book it is not exciting, but as a charity Christmas card it is surely the most distinguished and durable that anyone could send this year.



victim of "beatenness" - go out only with a Movement whimper distantly echoing the Modernist bang.

The ironic compromise of "perhaps" embodies the characteristically liberal strategy by which Lodge seeks to dilute or qualify certain views (those with that parochial, even chauvinistic, view of British letters of the 1950s and 1960s). In criticism he looked to Continental traditions of formalism and structuralism, while in fiction he ignored the Movement's rules and held to his admiration for the giants

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Battling bureaucracy

At one level, Lettaby's entire professional life, following his conversion to the gospel according to William Morris in the mid-1890s, was a succession of battles with bureaucracies – battles which are all documented in great detail throughout this first full-length biography, *William Richard Lettaby* by Godfrey Rubens: with his status-conscious colleagues in the "grand and noble profession" of architects; with the RIBA (whose Gold Medal he turned down in 1924, on the honourable grounds that "whoever talks in going along is likely later to find

which had significant effects all over Europe, particularly in Austria and Germany; and then attempted to transform the "Arts and Crafts" movement into the "Industrial Design" movement at the Royal College of Art: all these experiences at least helped to clarify his published thoughts (the bibliography lists nearly 300 books, articles, reports, notes and letters to *The Times*) about architecture as "building and bettering of cities," about learning as "practical experiment," and about the havoc caused by the "literary organizers" and

Lethaby's professional lives – and the books and essays he wrote about them – are of considerable interest in the late 1980s. But Rubens's account, which is careful and well organized and dull, makes them seem very remote from the concerns of today's architects, designers, educators and planners: although the acknowledgements do not say so, this biography (which is full of potentially exciting material) reads like an over-cautious doctoral thesis. Even the illustrations of existing build-

During the years covered by these letters Gräner's musical activity was principally that of a concert pianist. The provincial tour he undertook with the soprano Ada Crossley and her company in the spring of 1908, for instance, meant his performing forty-seven times in less than three months: "It is sad to think of that this prime of my life is not being used properly but is only years of slavery." It was his moments snatched on tour, in the summer holidays spent in Denmark, or when beginning his collection of folk songs, that he was able to concentrate upon composition. Gräner says

ings look as though they have been taken from the pages of an Edwardian album – which may be charming, but is scarcely an incentive for readers to go out and examine the real thing. Lethaby appears to have changed his mind about a lot of issues (his diffuse thoughts tend to defy Rubens's gallant attempts to impose a rather artificial coherence on them), but he always insisted, from the 1890s onwards, that there was a clear distinction to be drawn (in architecture *and* in education) between living tradition and a dead traditionalism: "out of a critical use of past tradition", he wrote, paraphrasing himself, "students must build up a tradition of their own". It is a distinction which appears to have eluded Godfrey Rubens. For, sadly, despite impeccable scholarship and a touching faith in everything Lethaby said or did (the words "an inspiration" often recur in the text), *William Richard Lethaby* unveils his hero as if he were an ancient monument. Just this once, a spot of restoration (rather than conservation) would surely have been permissible.

Strange reward, indeed, this composer, the
Princesse de Polignac described him,
Mozart out of Ginkgo Walk.

12 December 12 1986 HISTORY

Gooville and Caius is the Cambridge college with the odddest name (which matches it well with its Oxford sister, Brasenose). There is also the oddity of the pronunciation of the second half of the name, "Keys". This is not a consequence of oddness of pronunciation in a cultural quirk; it is simply the oddness of an eminent physician from Norwich named John Keys (or Kees and about ten other variant spellings of that sound) who Latinized his name for scholarly purposes. Dr Caius was the second founder in 1557 of a college or hall dedicated to the Annunciation of Blessed Mary.

But then, as was said of its second founder, this illustrious society has always been more interested in honour than humility. It was the High Victorian architect Alfred Waterhouse

Continuing growth in the U.S. economy is expected to drive demand for U.S. exports, and the U.S. trade deficit is expected to remain at a high level.

public men and men of science and intellect. John Venn, its first comprehensive historian, estimated in 1900 that about 3 per cent of its members identifiable since 1348 attained to "DNB standard". It is difficult, given the paucity of records in comparable foundations, to know what to make of this estimate. In all probability it is close to a general Oxbridge average. Certainly it underlines the fact that the vast majority of the "generations of inheritants" who passed through the gates of Caius were unsung and unhonoured. Until the later sixteenth century the narrowness of its resources and until the later nineteenth century the narrowness of its major recruiting catchment meant that the earlier epoch of Caius's general and high reputation – broadly from the later sixteenth to the early eighteenth centuries – had to correspond with a period when English still held its place as a great component of the nation. Released from both these constrictions, Caius has flourished in this century far beyond all its own earlier examples. This distinguished book will serve as the token of that achievement and that promise.

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All of life was here

E. S. Turner

STEPHEN WINKWORTH
Room Two More Guns: The intriguing history of the Personal Column of "The Times"
263pp. Allen and Unwin. £10.95.
004 808055

The newspaper personal column was the first "agony column", a description now irreversibly transferred to the love-knots-untied department. It is true that little of the fustian anguish ("Bleat, Watson, unmitigated bleat!") that once marked the personal columns survives. Cryptic intimate messages are out of fashion, save in the orgies of "yuppy" Valentines for which all newspapers compete; and the more bare-faced solicitations appear either in specialized weeklies or in those American literary reviews whose academic readers have no wish to sleep alone on their sabbaticals.

Stephen Winkworth, the latest investigator of *The Times's* personal column, is described as the inventor of a radio-controlled shork for millionaires' beadies and a flying 15-foot pterodactyl for films; appropriately he advertised the latter in the personal column, which in its day has attracted inventors of inflammable air, portable water-closets, infallible anti-aircraft weapons, a fugometer and a finger stiffener (in "elastic gold") for the "tremulous" writer. He is fully at ease amid dotiness, knows nothing or two about code-breaking and can detect lewdness under three coats of disguise.

The title *Room Two More Guns* refers to the 1932 recruiting advertisement for an expedition to the Mito Grosso in search of Colonel Fawcett. It hooked Peter Fleming and the result was *Brazilian Adventure*. Another spin-off may or may not have been Evelyn Waugh's *A Handful of Dust*.

In the preceding century an explorer who

put his faith in the column was Captain Sir Richard Collinson, who set off to look for the missing Sir John Franklin in North-West Canada. Determined to keep up with news of his family, and of his rivals, in a wilderness devoid of postal services, Collinson argued that the channels of trade were so diffusive that one could be pretty sure of finding *The Times* somewhere and arranged for coded messages to be inserted (code was necessary to keep his plans secret). Disappointingly, the newspaper failed to reach him when his ship was trapped for three years in an icefield.

The column's *munus mirabilis* was 1870, when it was engulfed by an exchange of messages, in French, between dwellers in besieged Paris and their relatives and friends on safe soil. Copies of the front page, photographically reduced on to flimsy paper the size of a bus ticket, were sent to Bordeaux for transmission by pigeon across the German lines to Paris, where they were enlarged by magic lantern. Messengers were then sent to the addresses listed.

Early contemporaries of *The Times* accepted advertisements from young sparks offering to provide heirs for tired old gentlemen, or by old sparks anxious to pass on their mistresses. By mid-Victorian times this sneaky traffic had been reduced to intrigues between lovers, often in code. Cracking such codes in *The Times* occupied the leisure of those who, today, would have turned to the crossword. Among them, we learn, were the mathematician Charles Babbage and the scientist Sir Charles Wheatstone, who were not above playing the "marplot" by inserting their own advertisements in the same code, precipitating a flurry of "All is discovered". Sometimes a parent, suspecting a domestic intrigue, would turn suspicious eyes on the personal column at the breakfast table.

The author devotes many pages to the bizarre advertisements (some 400 over twenty

years) by the ex-Customs man E. Wilson, "a great self-dramatist who liked the idea of his grandiose schemes and private tragedies being played out in public", but even the most dedicated readers must have lost patience with his farrago of symbols, pseudonyms and polyglot-tal tales.

Perennial features of the column, apart from lovers' assignments, have been "come home" appeals ("Would Philip like to hear of his mother's death?"), offers by public schoolboys to go anywhere and do anything (ideally on a motorcycle), expressions of thanks to St Jude, proposals to change surnames like Bug or Wilde, apologies for literary malfeasance, appeals to the better nature of burglars and impudent requests for loans (as by so Oxford graduate who has "stupidly lost all his money" and would hate "to leave the Riviera this winter"). Winkworth does not mention all those respectable young women offering a good breast of milk, or the acknowledgements of conscience money by the Chancellor of the Exchequer (now rare).

Did enemy agents use the column in wartime? Seemingly not, though the German Consul-General (Robert Graves's uncle) took space on August 3, 1914, to urge his countrymen to return home, "without delay, as best

Stop/go press

Pat Rogers

JAMES SUTHERLAND
The Restoration Newspaper and Its Development
262pp. Cambridge University Press. £25.
0521 326133

Like all the books which James Sutherland has written in his distinguished career, the present volume contains much solid fact and a variety of interesting ideas. If it falls a little short of the publisher's claims ("a major survey... comprehensive approach"), then that has to do in part with the paucity of evidence on some crucial issues, as well as the uneven course of the early newspaper. However, there are some awkward features in the manner of the study's organization, and the overall effect is not equal to the sum of individual parts. Historians of the press will want to consult the work for reference—much of the material is more compactly assembled than in any other place, and there is some new evidence from public archives.

There are six chapters, dealing in turn with "origins and developments"; then London, country and foreign news; politics; and the newspapermen and women. The first section is inevitably somewhat jumpy, for the author is obliged to construct a narrative out of the confused stop/go which characterized the press between 1660 and the 1730s. The lapse of the Licensing Act in 1695 comes half-way in the story, though it is in many respects the crucial datum. Sutherland begins with the era of Henry Muddiman and Roger L'Estrange, at the juncture of the Restoration proper. His next main stopping-place is the burst of journalistic freedom which took place during the chaos of the Exclusion Crisis. It is here, in the notebooks of men like Benjamin Harris and Nathaniel Thompson, that the true subject of the book lies. But, as we are reminded in slightly iterative apologetic formulas, the frenzy of journalistic activity was too brief for a settled pattern to emerge. As a result, later phases of the history have to be enlisted for any generalization or deduction to be made, and indeed much of the text is devoted to the press as it evolved more fully in the new century. Much of this discussion relates to the reign of George I, and a good deal actually strays into the reign of his successor. This may well be impossible to avoid if a coherent picture is to be drawn, but it does make for a disturbing shift in the centre of gravity of a monograph nominally devoted to the Restoration newspaper.

The topical arrangement of the chapters indicates that the study's primary emphasis is on the journal's content rather than on, for example, their propagandist or rhetorical message. It is a relief to be spared the routine semiological gestures of so much current criticism. At the

same time, the reliance of the central chapters on anecdote and news "stories" does bring with it a certain lack of intellectual focus. Sutherland makes clear the difficulties under which journalists laboured, with uncertain postal arrangements, unpredictable packet-boat arrivals and cumbersome printing added to harassment by authorities. So it is not so much the news that was fit to print that the historian finds as the news that could be got together by the hour when the newspaper hit the street. Entertaining but sometimes inconsequential items crowd the pages, and so the chapter on town news contains extensive coverage of bizarre murders—some political, like that of Thomas Thynne, others just the mindless slaughters common to any age. From the country we get strange relations of ghostly apparitions and wrecks stranded on the seashore. The chapter on foreign news virtually ignores the Restoration as such, and describes instead the practice of news-gathering as it took shape in the eighteenth century. There is a brief suggestion that pigeons may have been used to carry mail, but stockjobbers seem to have seen the possibilities of speed here more clearly than the journalistic profession.

The two concluding chapters illustrate the methods of this book at their least and their most effective. A section entitled "Politics" is disappointingly confined to the political stories that made the front page (to use an anachronism). We are given quite full accounts of certain episodes in the Exclusion Crisis, scandalous events surrounding the Popish Plot, and other topical tales which the press considered newsworthy. But there is very little sense of an enveloping climate of opinion, little interest in the pressure of political activity outside the journalistic context, and altogether not much concern for what might be termed the ideology of popular journalism. "Politics" is in fact constructed in a somewhat old-fashioned sense as affairs of state; atomistic events—state trials, debates, loyal addresses—rather than as a sounding-board of clashing interests and groups. Much more successful is the final chapter on the people who ran the early newspapers. Here Sutherland brings together much valuable information on figures such as Harris, Thompson, Langley, Curless and Francis Smith, who (along with their false womenfolk) brought the infant newspaper into being, if spasmodic, life.

The Restoration Newspaper and Its Development will be useful to those interested in the personnel and structure of the early press, and to those who wish to know what sort of stories got into print. It does not address larger questions about the nature of the press—its political and cultural contribution to the national discourse. Others may wish to pursue the story in a different intellectual framework, but they will be grateful for the ground which this book has cleared.

Pressed and protected

Roger Morriss

N.A.M. RODGER
The Wooden World: An anatomy of the Georgian navy
415pp. Collins. £17.50.
0007216548

The popular image of the Royal Navy in the mid-eighteenth century is still one of ruin, the press-gang, the lash, oppressive overcrowding and confinement. In N. A. M. Rodger's view this accords little with reality and in *The Wooden World* he sets out to dispel many well-cherished myths. Ranging in detail across the features of shipboard life, victualling, health, training, discipline and the careers of ratings and officers, he provides a comprehensive survey of naval society at the time of the Seven Years War.

Two arguments run throughout the book: the first, that seamen were better off in the navy than they would have been elsewhere. Compared with those of merchant ships, manning ratios were lower, and life, except in the smallest warships, was more spacious and comfortable. By standards ashore, naval provisions were plentiful, nutritious and regular; spoiled victuals comprised only 1 per cent of the whole, while pursers' frauds were less common than tradition has it, because of the readiness of crews to complain. With seafaring skills in high demand in wartime, life was preserved, not squandered. Scurvy was countered during the Seven Years War by the use of fresh vegetables, hospitals were built, and to preserve

mental health—contrary to popular impression—regular leave ashore was permitted, even at the cost of desertions. With most ratings being under twenty-five, the sex life of crews was not neglected either. With the large warships in port during much of their commission, the greater part of crews could have "wives" aboard, reducing sodomy to an insignificant problem. Up to a fifth might need treatment for venereal disease, but with catastrophic loss of life from fevers in the tropics exceptional, there was still reason to believe that health in the navy was better than in communities of comparable size on shore. Possibly realizing the benefits of naval life, pressed seamen often quickly adapted to it. Stable crews became contented ones, desertion most affecting smaller companies broken up or "turned over" to other ships. Even physical violence was moderated by what appears to have been a conscious attempt by officers to keep down levels of punishment. And mutiny—like strikes, usually conforming to customary rules and patterns until appeals were investigated—was a natural resort against abuse.

Rodger's second argument is that officers were appointed primarily for their ability and integrity and did not on the whole disappoint their principals. First Lords and commanders-in-chief could not escape their political environment, influence and obligations, yet, though Rodney was a notorious exception, they consistently put the needs of the navy first. In considering recommendations they took capacity for character assessment into account, while Anson and Hawke at the Admiralty jealously guarded their powers of

Buccaneers and backers

Peter Earle

ROBERT C. KIDDIE
Captain Kidd and the War against the Pirates
262pp. Harvard University Press. £16.95.
0674092014

Recent work on piracy has sought to sift the historical reality from the overburden of legend by giving critical attention to sources and making a serious attempt to set the phenomenon in its historical background. Robert C. Kiddie's fascinating book is a model of its kind, meticulously researched but written in a readable and continuously interesting way. Captain Kidd emerges as a very real historical person, the victim of shifts in English and colonial politics, and changes in mercantile, imperial and legal attitudes. His execution on May 22, 1701, was at once a political act and an indication of a new determination to stamp out piracy. Kidd hoped right to the end that he might be released through the intervention of his powerful patrons, but even the breaking of the rope at the hangman's first attempt to turn him off did not save the most notorious but, oddly, the most successful pirate of his day.

Kidd first appears in the records in 1689 as a Scotsman in his mid-forties serving on a buccannering vessel with a mixed French and English crew. He realized that personal advancement depended on patronage and made a series of political decisions, all based on expediency, which led him to desert his French colleagues and earn the praise of the English authorities in the West Indies, to choose one

farther than the other, to the lotteries of politics of New York and, finally, to seek the favour of the mighty Whig Junto in London. With the aim of acquiring a privateering commission. This ambition went through an extraordinary sea-change and Kidd ended up with a commission to seek out and capture pirates. His voyage had the financial, political and legal backing of the Whig lords, who acquired a grant allowing the partnership to keep all booty taken by Kidd from the pirates, the right of the original owners normally being a strong disincentive from any attack on what were usually heavily armed and manned pirate ships.

The story of Kidd's voyage to the Indian Ocean, the main cruising-ground of the pirates, has often been told, but it is well related by Kiddie, who has sorted out the conflicting evidence in a masterful way. He also makes very

good use of his detailed knowledge of the New York mercantile community which often financed the pirates by purchasing their loot, even sending out factors to the pirate base in Ile Sainte Marie off the coast of Madagascar. These men supplied them with food, drink and arms, bought their booty, took home retiring pirates for a standard fare of 100 pieces of eight and carried letters to and from their families and backers in New York.

It seems inevitable that Kidd made no attempt to attack the pirates in the Indian Ocean. Many of his crew were pirates themselves and no man in search of purchase would have risked his life fighting pirates when there were much easier pickings about. Slowly, the voyage became more and more overtly piratical, each deprecation being carefully documented by the agents of the East India Company, who felt the full wrath of the rulers of Kidd's mainly Indian victims and were determined that he be convicted as a lesson to other pirates and an indication to the peoples of the East that there were some teeth in the English legal system. Such determination would not necessarily have sealed Kidd's fate had not political changes in England reduced the power of the Junto and given the Tories a wonderful chance to embarrass their rivals. As Lord Somers put it with classic understatement, "we may appear somewhat ridiculous".

Evan New York was not a safe haven for Kidd. The Governor, the Earl of Bellomont, was one of his backers, but he could see the turn of the political tide and hoped to make more money by sending Kidd home for trial than he could from his share of the loot.

The tale of Captain Kidd thus provides a grim reminder of the dangers of patronage in the unpleasant and shifting political world of the 1690s. It also, as Ritchie convincingly shows, provides a landmark in the history of piracy. English colonial and imperial expansion had conditioned piracy since at least the age of Drake, a blind-eye policy which facilitated the penetration of the Mediterranean and the Indian Ocean as well as the waters of the Caribbean. But, by 1700, such expansion had achieved a maturity which could do without piracy, and the latter became increasingly a political embarrassment and a commercial nuisance. The result was the Act for the More Effectual Suppression of Piracy, passed rapidly in 1700 as a direct result of Kidd's capture, an Act which was indeed more affectual and was even being enforced a generation later in the colonies, those inveterate, supporters of piratical endeavour.



The lower deck of a ship in port, circa 1800; the sailors have their sea chests up from below and their "wives" on board. The sketch is reproduced from the book reviewed here.

appointment, confirmation or veto against all comers. The result was an officer corps which, with relatively contented and co-operative crews, was fully capable of achieving the victories of the Seven Years' War.

Both these arguments provide valuable correctives to many traditional ideas. But in arguing the case for the Admiralty, Rodger seems on occasion too favourable to the navy: in generalizing, for example, about the role of a basic humanity in moderating the level of punishments, and in ignoring intimidation as a factor in persuading pressed men to reconcile themselves to their lot. In relying primarily on the views of sea officers, he also underplays the views that contemporaries had of the navy, and seamen themselves of their lives. He examines ratings' careers in terms of the organization to which they were subject and leads one to assume that there were no cultural differences between men of the lower deck and officers aspiring to gentility, and that the expectations of the two groups were similar. In

his conclusion Rodger emphasizes the similarity of social relations in the navy to life on shore, where "vertical bonds of patronage and protection were still far stronger and more important than the nascent interests of class". Such vertical bonds, he suggests, had their value in permitting the navy to win battles through paternalistic leadership rather than by subjecting crews to cruelty, tyranny and oppression. A suspicion none the less remains that the view from the lower deck may have been very different.

Rodger has produced a highly stimulating and provocative book. He has used Admiralty in-letters, courts martial records, muster and pay-books, as well as private papers, and employed sampling techniques and statistics on a scale hitherto unprecedented. Elegantly written, containing a wealth of fascinating information (including almost a hundred pages of tables, notes, bibliography, glossary and index), it will certainly remain a standard work of reference for many years to come.

A surgeon turned scourge

Christina Bewley

G. V. C. YOUNG AND CAROLINE FOSTER
Captain François Thurot
259pp. Peel: Mansk-Svenska. £9.95.
0907715230

François Thurot had a brief but remarkable career. Born in 1727 at Dijon of middle-class parents, he was apprenticed to a surgeon, and made his way to Calais, where he joined a privateer as ship's surgeon. After its capture by the British and a year as a prisoner at Dover, Thurot escaped, aged eighteen, in a small boat, and yet spent much of his time until 1753 either in London, where he appears to have been engaged in spying for the French, or in smuggling and possibly piracy. In 1750 he married an Irishwoman, Henrietta Smith. During the Seven Years War, Thurot reverted to privateering. Appointed a Captain in the French navy, he captured sixteen British ships. When promoted to command a squadron of two frigates and two corvettes, he embarked on highly successful privateering activities, captured many prizes, harassed the coast of England and Scotland and became "the scourge and terror of the North Seas". Admired by the British as well as the French for his courage and patriotism, he acquired a reputation as a resourceful and amiable adventurer who treated his crew and prisoners with fairness and courtesy.

In 1759 Thurot was summoned to Versailles, where Madame de Pompadour took him up (she later obtained a pension for his widow). He was given charge of a squadron of five frigates which were intended to land on the coast of Ireland while the main French fleet sailed from Brest. The squadron carried about 1,300 troops under the command of Brigadier de Florent. He and his aristocratic fellow officers resented having to take orders from the plebeian Thurot. Thurot succeeded in leaving Dunkirk in spite of a British blockade, but was forced by contrary winds to go as far as the Faroes to obtain vital supplies, and only then sailed for Ireland. Discouraged by lack of food and by bad weather, the army officers wanted to return to France. One frigate slipped away; Florent ordered the guard to seize Thurot, but he stood firm, maintained his command and

sailed to Islay, where it was learnt that Hawke had defeated the French fleet. Undeterred, Thurot captured Carriekfergus, then crossed to the Isle of Man, where on February 28, 1760, he was engaged by a British squadron. The other French ships did little to support Thurot, who fought on alone until mortally wounded. His men threw his body overboard before surrendering; it was washed up at Kirkcaldy in Wigtownshire, and Thurot is buried there.

Captain François Thurot by G. V. C. Young and Caroline Foster has been published in the Isle of Man, where the bowsprit and two guns from Thurot's ship form a monument to that battle. Thurot is also commemorated in an old Manx ballad. The chief sources for his biography are a French life, published in 1791, and John Knox Laughton's *Studies in Naval History* (1970). Although Mr Young does not agree with all Professor Laughton's conclusions, he presents the facts fairly and has a pleasant, lively style. He has translated Scandinavian documents and Mrs Foster has unearthed interesting comments on Thurot by Smollett and by John Wesley. Their text, though chronological, is not a straightforward narrative, but jumps from one episode on document to another, making it difficult to grasp the salient facts. There is, for instance, no personal description of Thurot until page 106. Extraneous material which is not entirely relevant adds to the confusion. On the other hand the Bishop of Sodor and Man's remark, after Thurot's death, that "once again we can sit down unmolested to our herrings and potatoes", is relegated to an appendix. The first chapter, on the historical background, which could be helpful to some readers, is marred by judgments which are disputable. Lord Ferrers is misprinted as Ferners, and in a genealogical table George II appears as the son of his aunt Sophia Charlotte rather than of George I. More important, no vivid picture of Thurot's personality, fame, daring or ability emerges from the detailed accounts of storm-ridden voyages, nor is there any description of the skill and cunning he must have used to evade customs officers and the British navy. The book is unlikely to appeal to readers who have no particular or local interest in Thurot; it could, however, be of considerable use as a specialist source.

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From the Maghrib to the Maldives

Robert Irwin

ROSS E. DUNN
The Adventures of Ibn Battuta: A Muslim Traveller of the fourteenth century
357pp. Croom Helm. £22.50.
0709908113

In 1325, at the age of twenty-one, Ibn Battuta set off from his native Tangier on the *hajj* to Mecca. He did not return to Morocco until 1349, by which time he had visited not only Mecca, but also Egypt, Syria, Persia, Iraq, East Africa, the Yemen, Anatolia, the steppes of southern Russia, Constantinople, India, the Maldives, Sumatra and China, and when he did return it was not long before he set off again for Spain and then for Mali. He died in 1368 or 1369. The lengthy narrative of his travels was shaped and put into literary form by a contemporary, Ibn Juzayy (the Hakluyt Society's translation is still in progress).

In the course of his travels Ibn Battuta suffered shipwreck and despoliation by brigands. He acquired and lost fortunes, wives and concubines. He gambled for political power in India and the Maldives and received mystical instruction from Sufi *fayyids* in Egypt, India and China.

The background to his narrative is the slow systole and diastole of life in the Islamic world (a semi-arid zone from the Atlantic to the China Sea which is still expanding); the months of pilgrimage and fasting through the seasons of the solar year; the courses of the monsoon winds and of the trading ships that travelled before them; the migration of transhumant

pastoralists from summer to winter camps; the regular passage of the Kurdish horse-drovers from the Crimea to Peshawar and of salt caravans from the heart of the Sahara to the River Niger. Ibn Battuta saw empires rise and fall and described Muslim societies on the turn before the coming of the Black Death.

Surely it was youth and lust for adventure that took him off on these extraordinary travels? Surely the middle-aged man who returned to the Maghrib was different from the young man who had set off over twenty years before? The prosaic and self-effacing Ibn Battuta offers us nothing to confirm such guesses. The ageing Ibn Battuta, shocked by the freedom of the sexes in Mali, seems the same as the middle-aged Ibn Battuta who ducked away about how women on the Maldives do not cover their breasts; and neither seems different from the young and rather prim Ibn Battuta who rebuked the keeper of the *hammam* in Minya, Upper Egypt, for allowing its clients to walk about with no towels draped around their middle. If Ibn Battuta had ever been a goliard or scholar gypsy at heart, then the conventions of Islamic travel literature allowed or required him to conceal it.

He seems to have had little or no interest in the Valley of Diamonds or the lands of the Amazons and Cytoceplian. Rather he travelled to see more of what he had already seen, and since he rarely ventured beyond the territories governed by Islamic empires (even in southern India and China, he was still able to move from one Muslim merchant community to another) he found more of that sameness – the same holy text, the same liturgical language, the same educational system, the same judicial hierarchy, and more or less the same

canons of literary taste and social etiquette.

This sameness of the Muslim world – every large town with its qadi, market inspector, Sufi shaykh, mamluke garrison, mosque, teaching college and caravanserai – must have been reinforced in Ibn Battuta's experience by the extraordinary, coincidental encounters he had on his travels. Trying to reach the Black Sea across the Pontic Mountains in mid-winter, his party found themselves lost and in danger of dying; a former Arab acquaintance of Ibn Battuta's lodging at a Sufi hospice in a nearby Turkish village got them out of their difficulties. He met the religious scholar, al-Busbri, the Chinese port of Qanjanfu; later he met al-Busbri's brother in Sijilmasa on the edge of the Sahara. Underpinning this cross-crossing of tracks were charitable networks of hospitality offered by the Sufi brotherhoods and by the *Futuwwa* lodges, as well as the less formalized bonds of fraternity which bound Muslim scholars and merchants to one another across the world.

Travel for the religious scholar could be good business. Ibn Battuta began his journeying as a scholar of Islamic law and ended up holding profitable judgeships in widely dispersed parts of the world. He also learnt how to operate the gift relationship, of which Ross E. Dunn gives an admirable description. A little gift from the visitor or client seeking patronage

to the ruler secures a bigger gift in return, and the client has not even enough resources for that pump-priming first gift, then a money-lender may well be persuaded to put up the initial capital.

Professor Dunn's book is neither a popularization of Ibn Battuta's travel narrative, nor a scholarly dissection of it. It has elements of both but is more interesting than either. Instead he has used Ibn Battuta as a tracking eye, as a pretext for explaining how the Muslim world worked in the early fourteenth century.

It is extremely well done. Dunn is a gifted expositor and his book tells us how ships were built and navigated, how scholars secured their credentials and transmitted their expertise, how the Muslim faith continued to spread in the wake of Arab trade and many other things besides. He explains why some dynasties were due to grow and grow (like the Ottomans) while others fell to pieces (like the Mongol Ilkhanate in Iran). *The Adventures of Ibn Battuta* is an excellent synoptic introduction to the Muslim world in the Middle Ages. Dunn has used widely and his notes will encourage others to do the same. Although he perhaps errs in his generosity to Ibn Battuta and his amanuensis Ibn Juzayy, he is careful to give weight in the text and the notes to the very large number of occasions when Ibn Battuta's truthfulness or at least accuracy seems to be in doubt.

East-West communication

Jasper Rees

NIGEL AND ADAM NICOLSON
Two Roads to Dodge City
304pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £12.95.
0297789864

Earlier this year Nigel and Adam Nicolson, father and son, decided to write a book together by corresponding with each other as they separately explored the North American continent. They proposed, too, to investigate what is rather loftily referred to as the "Father-Son Relationship". As they embark on a Pickwickian cataloguing of the quirks of the landscape, they attempt through their letters to come to terms with how Eton, Cambridge and a burdensomely famous family (Nigel's parents were Harold Nicolson and Vita Sackville-West) had educated them in the upper-class malaise of being emotionally *incommunicado*.

The choice of continent is fortuitous. On the other side of the Atlantic they discover a means of expressing themselves which they know to be part and parcel of the new landscape – something which cannot be packed up and air-freighted back to Sissinghurst, the family home. Covering new ground geographically, they hazard upon a new-found land of unembarrassed self-expression which is facilitated – ironically – not by the distance they have travelled away from home but by the distance they have put between each other; as

Adam covers the West coast, and Nigel takes on the East. They acknowledge that when they meet in Dodge City after three months of open-hearted scribbling, on such off-limits subjects as Nigel's divorce, their loquacious English reserve will resurface.

However, *Two Roads to Dodge City* is most interesting not as an exploratory dialogue but as a pair of self-searching dramatic monologues. Unable to stop himself from stalking old acquaintances for private five-star accommodation, occasionally lecturing on Virginia Woolf when he passes through a distinguished university, drolly quoting Wordsworth to himself during a particularly serene and solitary communion with nature, Nigel fails to elude the uncomfortable stereotype of old English gentleman pinned to him in foreign parts. His is an urbane progress dramatically different from his son's cultural odyssey in California and the epic landscape of the mid-West.

Adam's letters are a chronicle of a burgeoning literary talent exposing itself to new sights and sounds and shedding the outer layer of what one bemused Californian calls his "negative attitude problem", that peculiarly English ailment. His accounts of attending a football basketball match, a Playboy party given by Hugh Hefner, and a demonstration against aid to the Contras are funny and sharp.

Two Roads to Dodge City is an eloquent, if slightly gushing, testimony that the generation gap remains as wide as the Grand Canyon.

Walking out from Batworthy Farm

We stood in the centre of the stone circle
conjuring up a wedding (not ours)
and other rituals. We imagined the difficulties
of transporting the priest – gasped at the state

of the guests' hair, the hairless beast mao.
And before the groom could say 'I do!' –
the bride veil blew halfway across the moor.
The sacrifice of holding a wedding

In such a circle! Yet, Sunday couples
struggle happily over moorland hand in hand,
making their weekly pilgrimage, some with canes,
others shouldering back-packs, to witness what?

The sky, perhaps; a stream; the distant Tor?
These found alone; a congregation of sheep?

ALICE KAVOUNAS

The cleaner view

Charles Hope

MARIO GIACOMETTI (Editor)
The Sistine Chapel: Michelangelo rediscovered
272pp. Muller, Blond and White. £40.
030411401

This book would be welcome for its illustrations alone, which provide by far the most complete visual record of the painted decoration of the Sistine Chapel now available, in excellent colour and at a bargain price. Virtually everything is reproduced, including even views of the interior of the Chapel with the Raphael tapestries installed on the side walls. Most important of all, there are reproductions of Michelangelo's lunettes of the Ancestors of Christ after their recent restoration. But it offers much more than Takashi Okamura's splendid illustrations. The text consists of a series of informative studies by leading authorities, which together give a comprehensive and accessible account of the present state of knowledge about the Chapel and the paintings it contains. They will be required reading for specialists, but most will also be of more general interest.

The current campaign of restoration of the ceiling has already transformed our understanding of Michelangelo as a painter. The cleaning of the lunettes has not merely revealed a whole series of major paintings which were hitherto virtually invisible, but has also shown them to be a brilliant and very distinctive school, whose importance in this respect for the early Florentine mannerists has never been fully appreciated. Although the vault itself is less dirty, early results of the cleaning of this section (which are not reproduced in this book) suggest that here too the appearance of perhaps the most famous masterpiece of Italian painting will be profoundly altered, and

equally dramatic changes may be expected when the restorers reach the "Last Judgment". In recent months the cleaning campaign has provoked some criticism, particularly in Italy.



One of Michelangelo's 'ignudi' from the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. It is reproduced here from Harvard University Press's recent paperback reprint of S. J. Freedberg's *Circa 1600: A revolution of style in Italian painting* (114pp. £10.50. 0 674 13157 6).

There are those who complain that dirty, as it is, the ceiling as we are accustomed to see it is such a central element in our visual culture that we should not tamper with it. Better the frescos we know than the ones Michelangelo painted.

Uses of the antique

Bruce Boucher

SAVATORESETTI
Memoria dell'antico nell'arte italiana
Volume One, *L'uso dei classici*
272pp. L80,000.
06057847
Volume Two, *I generi e i temi ritrovati*
272pp. L85,000.
06057851 0
Printed in Einaudi.

Einaudi has become the dominant Italian publisher for serious and ambitious ventures in the history of art. Their recent *Storia dell'arte italiana* surveyed the range of Italian art within a thematic framework encompassing fashion, design, like methodology, technology, and major centres of artistic production. However debatable the results, the project was undeniably interesting and succeeded in presenting familiar material in a new light. Now the *Storia* has spawned a successor in the shape of a three-volume project dedicated to the presence and recreation of the antique in Italian art. Like its predecessor, the new series, *Memoria dell'antico nell'arte italiana*, examines case studies under three headings which form the titles of individual volumes: the use of the classics, genres and rediscovered themes, and from tradition to archaeology. Now that two volumes have appeared, the quality and coherence of the plan can be assessed, and it proves a worthy continuation of the earlier project.

Anative Calabrian, Salvatore Settis, the editor of *Memoria dell'antico*, grew up with the survey of several civilizations as part of every day life, and his academic pursuits have moved from archaeology to encompass art history and the reinterpretation of antiquity in later times. Several of the essays in these volumes have been inspired by Settis's seminars at the Scuola Normale Superiore in Pisa, where the interplay between archaeology and art history is a binding element. The concept of the afterlife of the antique has not been ignored by students of cultural history, nor is the purpose behind these three volumes simply to pinpoint the re-

vival of arts and letters under Frederick II or Sixtus IV. The intention is rather to examine the political uses to which the antique was subjected by later generations, to explain the loss of its original meaning and the various interpretations to which ancient art was subject, and to highlight the attempts to reconcile the impulses to destroy and conserve antique buildings and statues.

The first volume, *L'uso dei classici*, appeared in 1984 and centres on the image of Rome as a political and cultural phenomenon with which later cultures came to terms. Several of the articles display a refreshing originality, and the general standard is high. There are excellent articles on the reinterpretation of Rome and its monuments by Chiara Frugoni and Massimo Miglio, an imaginative study of Renaissance collections of antiquities by Claudio Franzoni, and an unexpected but rewarding account of Petrarch and the visual arts from Maurizio Bettini. Giovanni Agosti and Vincenzo Farinella contribute a brilliant essay on one monument, Trajan's column. They demonstrate that the reliefs from the column were more widely studied than previously thought, and their discussion of copies after the reliefs has opened up a rich vein for further exploration.

The second volume, *I generi e i temi ritrovati*, found in its predecessor. It contains one article of great originality and thoughtfulness by Nikolaus Himmelmann on nudity in art as a Renaissance and Neoclassical ideal. This is a wide-ranging survey of the uses of nudity from antiquity to the age of Canova, and disputes the generally accepted notion that its reappearance in Renaissance art was directly inspired by classical sculpture. Instead, Himmelmann traces the proliferation of nude depictions of gods and allegorical figures back to medieval, particularly fourteenth-century, sources. There one finds the beginnings of the association of nudity with the pagan world as well as the presentation of scenes like the Judgment of Paris with nude goddesses, whereas on classical sarcophagi the goddesses were always shown clothed. By widening the scope for nudity, medieval artists created the basis for its elevation to an ideal by later artists like Signorelli

and Michelangelo and by theoreticians such as Vasari and Winckelmann. The remaining essays range in quality from excellent to worthy. The mixture of nationalities and disciplines does not always make for a smooth blend: archaeologists tend to be less familiar with the art-historical aspects of their topics, and vice versa. Italian scholars rely more on Italian sources, Germans on German, with the Dutch and English combining sources in several languages. Inevitable as this may be, it occasionally has drawbacks. For example, Klaus Fittschen's account of antique portraiture would have been more focused if he had been aware of Irving Lavin's articles on the same subject. Fittschen and Eberhard Paul take diametrically opposed views of the question of falsification of antique busts without specifically addressing each other's objections. In spite of this, both scholars provide helpful surveys of their subjects, and Paul's inquiry into the nature of faking or completing antique sculpture raises just the sort of issues that both archaeologists and art-historians must address if clarification of terms like copy or fake is to be achieved.

Painting has not been neglected and the articles by Lucia Faedo, Roberto Guerrini, Maria Dooato, and Mariette de Vos examine the themes as diverse as *ekphrasis*, paradigmatic literature, and the reception of antique wall painting from the Middle Ages onwards. Mariette de Vos writes with the authority of a co-author of a major guidebook to Pompeii and is, together with Himmelmann, equally at home in archaeological and art-historical research; her lucid essay gives the general reader an invaluable up-dating on the critical fortune of Roman wall painting and fountain design. By contrast, Lucia Faedo fares less well with her inquest on the most famous of all lost paintings, *The Calumny of Apelles*. She clearly experienced difficulty in finding something new to say and she never transcends a minutely philological approach.

Both volumes of *Memoria dell'antico* prove a compact survey of new research in an important sector of archaeology and the history of art. The vision offered is kaleidoscopic, at times contentious, but generally informative and absorbing.

Harvard Humanities



Moscow Diary

WALTER BENJAMIN

Translated by Richard Sieburth
Foreword by Gershom Scholem
Edited by Gary Smith

Walter Benjamin's diary dealing with his two-month stay in Moscow from December 1926 to the end of January 1927 is an important work on several levels. As well as providing an account of his love affair with Asia Lacis, the book is the story of a failed romance with the Russian Revolution, for Benjamin journeyed to Russia to arrive at a decision about joining the Communist Party. On yet another level, the diary offers an evocative eyewitness portrait of Moscow which will be of tremendous interest to students of this fascinating period in Russian history. £21.25 Cloth 160pp 0-674-58743-X £7.50 Paper 0-674-58744-8

The Invention of Athens

NICOLE LORAUX

Translated by Alan Sheridan

Athen: alone among the city-states of ancient Greece had the practice of honouring those who had fallen in battle with a burial ceremony centering on a funeral oration by a prominent citizen which celebrated the dead as embodiments of the spirit of the city. This book shows how the funeral oration created an ideal of civic life which shaped the Athenians' conception of themselves and hence the various views that history has taken of them – views that have in turn affected political ideas in the modern world. £29.75 Cloth 512pp 0-674-46362-5

Wallace Stevens

Words Chosen Out of Desire
HELEN VENDLER

"[This book] tells the reader a good deal more about Wallace Stevens as a poet than many a weighty volume. . . . The shining merit of these lectures is their capacity to elucidate single poems. . . . so that they stand alone as comprehensible entities." *Times Literary Supplement* £3.50 Paper 96pp 0-674-94575-1

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COMMENTARY

Convivial commissions

Elizabeth Barry

Edward Ardizzone
Sally Hunter and Patrick Seale,
2 Motcomb Street, London SW1, until
December 19

"Thomas Hardy - *Under the Greenwood Tree*", 1945, "Anthony Trollope (illustrations for the *Radio Times*", 1950s; these two pen-and-ink sketches, out of a hundred or so at Sally Hunter and Patrick Seale Fine Art, are bread-and-butter commissions which seem to contain the essential Ardizzone: careful composition, solid modelling, cross-hatching and a certain conspiratorial charm. The artist, you feel, is fond of his subject, however mundane. This small, closely hung exhibition, which also contains works by Edward Ardizzone's friends (including Bernard Meinsky, Anthony Gross, Edward Bawden and Quentin Bell) and by his family, is a reminder of a life's work as a professional artist in an era of academic art training and illustrated books. Ardizzone (1900-1979), the son of an Italian who became a nationalized Frenchman, began and ended his career as an illustrator, expanding briefly as a war artist in North Africa, France and Italy from 1939 to 1945 and as the originator of some highly individual books for children. An ubiquitous classical sturdiness, in the tradition of Cruikshank or Doyle rather than Rackham or Caldecott, made him one of the best-known and loved illustrators of the 1950s and 60s.

Ardizzone's public work is not much on show here. Instead of books we have a range of informal drawings, mainly in pen or pencil and many of them little more than shorthand sketches, which emphasize the artist's convivial nature. Small commissions, invitations, Christmas cards, local scenes ("The Mews Pub", "Cnrol singers at Elgin Street"), even

doodles, point up Ardizzone's facility and reveal the domestic, rather humdrum side of his work. There are many examples of his skill in using restricted space - borders and narrow bands are crammed with figures - and he was clearly a master of the small line drawings which used to be found at chapter headings. There is a display case containing copies of his books *Indian Diary 1952-53* and *Diary of a War Artist*, but there is nothing on the walls from India and the few war pictures seem only to show a predilection for the undramatic. The large colour lithograph "Shelter" (one of the few works in colour) and the two drawings "Soldiers Resting, Alentejo" and "Women Making Camouflage Nets", with their characteristically luddled figures, recall his complaint, "in muddening war, only the dead and dying stay still for you to draw". One feels the lack everywhere of words, particularly Ardizzone's words.

Although it is pleasant to see (and to have the opportunity to buy) these small-scale samples by a popular artist, the show does not represent his entire range. Disappointingly, the exhibition does not cover the children's books, Ardizzone's most successful work and the proper field for his genius with words and pictures and for his charm. At a time before illustrated books were superseded by picture books, when colour was both less widespread and less vehement, Ardizzone created images and adventures of great originality. His work is always quietly humorous. Several finished drawings give an inkling of one reason for his success with children. The figures of the lady athletes in two watercolours of the Women's Gymnastics at the Mexico Olympics and the self-conscious poses in several studies of life classes are agreeably absurd; an unassuming note which is echoed elsewhere in the exhibition by Quentin Bell's wonky ceramics with their light-bearded decorations and ridiculous price-tags.



Fabrizio Chiari's etching of "Venus and Mercury", after Poussin, from the exhibition reviewed below.

Compositional conflicts

Marc Jordan

Nicolas Poussin: Venus and Mercury
Dulwich Picture Gallery, until January 18

Long considered to be a damaged copy of a lost work known through an etching and a magnificent *bistre* drawing, this early, incompletely resolved but thematically prescient painting has always been overshadowed by the more famous canvases in the collection of Poussins at Dulwich. Hazlitt, for instance, who in his enthusiastic praise for the Dulwich Poussins did not otherwise distinguish between originals and copies, failed to mention "Venus and Mercury" in his account of the gallery. Indeed it was not until in the 1940s when Anthony Blunt recognized a small, square canvas of music-making putti in the Louvre as the missing part of a composition probably cut up by a wily dealer in the later eighteenth century that the Dulwich picture was paid much attention.

But, as the first of the Dulwich gallery's promising "Paintings in their Contexts" exhibitions shows, "Venus and Mercury" amply rewards attention with new insights into the artist's early work, while the chequered history of the canvas serves as a reminder of the terrible vulnerability of the individual work of art. With the grandest of its Poussins on tour in Japan, Dulwich has reunited the two parts of "Venus and Mercury" for the first time since the definitive Poussin show of 1960 in Paris. Fabrizio Chiari's etching of the picture, one of the earliest prints made after the artist's work, and the beautiful drawing made by Poussin for Chiari to work from, as well as an eighteenth-century copy painted before the canvas was mutilated, help to reconstruct the composition. Something of the picture's original sonorous, Venetian colouring, so characteristic of Poussin's work of the later 1620s but largely lost in this darkened and worn canvas, is suggested by another work of this first, difficult years in Rome, the "Nupture of Bacchus", lent by the National Gallery.

If the subject of "Venus and Mercury", an original variation on the traditional theme of the education of Cupid, hasn't the weight and rigour of the great Stoic and Christian histories of Poussin's maturity, its meaning, teased out by Richard Verdi in a lucid and informative catalogue essay, nevertheless already seems to indicate his characteristic commitment to the intellectual and creative life. Venus and Mercury, seated nude in a wooded Tillysian landscape with Venus's dove-drawn car behind them, dominate the larger right-hand, Dulwich fragment of the picture. Verdi identifies the two putti wrestling at their feet as Eros and Anteros, allegorized in the Renaissance into earthly and spiritual love. As Verdi points out, "their fighting poses allude to the contending

claims within mankind itself between a desire for earthly pleasure and gratification and the higher pursuit of beauty and the arts". The child proffering wreaths ready for the victor (Anteros has beaten his rival to the ground) and the harmonious music-making infant quartet who appear on the Louvre fragment seem intended to underline the Apollonian character of the painting's theme - the superiority of the intellectual and artistic pursuits over purely sensual pleasures.

With the juxtaposition of the two pieces of the picture and the help of the catalogue the elevated and distinctive character of the French painter's aspirations, even at this relatively early stage in his slow development begin to be apparent; the shallow frieze-like structure of the painting must have appeared distinctive in Baroque Rome. Yet it may be that the element of conflict or ambivalence is more central to Poussin's theme than Verdi will allow. Though Mercury's role as god of eloquence and educator of mankind's clear it is difficult to agree that this languid, nude Venus with her rose is "obviously" the celestial Venus of the Neoplatonists. Oblivious to Mercury's gesture towards the symbols of the arts tumbled at his feet, she seems to offer a tempting, earthly alternative to the life of significant toil; just as the goat-hoofed, myrtle-crowned young wrestler seems only temporarily bested by his winged intellectual rival. Such an unresolved and never fully resolvable conflict between will and instinct, head and heart, soul and body is familiar enough from the poetic dialogues of the seventeenth century.

For this reason it seems a pity that, though the well-produced catalogue contains a useful essay by Katha Scott on later owners of "Venus and Mercury", which throws interesting light on Poussin's critical reputation and speculates on the motives, probably commercial, of whoever cut up what can never have been a very homogeneous composition, none of the contributors speculates on who might have been the original owner of a painting with such an unusual subject. Yet we know that on his arrival in Rome Poussin was introduced by the poet G. B. Marino into the cultivated circle surrounding the lawyer and Papal diplomat Cassiano dal Pozzo. Pozzo and his intellectual friends, though by no means rich, were for many years the painter's most faithful and sympathetic patrons, commissioning easel paintings of classical or devotional themes, so that Poussin was able largely to avoid treating the hectic imagery of the Counter-Reformation altarpiece or the crude and flattering allegories of aristocratic decorations. It is in just this circle that the essentially literary subject-matter of Poussin's "Venus and Mercury" could have evolved. And it is to just this circle that the sentiment and refined allegorical presentation of this painting would have appealed.

A surfeit of ecstasy

Oliver Taplin

CARYL CHURCHILL and DAVID LAN
A Mouthful of Birds
Royal Court Theatre

A menagerie of interesting ideas has gone into John Stock's new production, and there is plenty of good acting and choreographed movement. So why does it not work better? I suspect that the trouble is a lack of form. The many individually intriguing fragments were never dismembered from a whole play and they cannot be reconstituted into one. An idea remotely based on *Bacchae* does not make an antitypical myth, especially when the fundamental spatial division of city and wild mountain in Euripides is given no palpability at the Royal Court.

"Imagine you are drinking tea with your tedious husband while an inner voice tells you to drown your baby in the bathtub"; "Imagine that you are a Euro-merchant in meat who falls in love with a pig and who goes to the abattoir to lament it". Like so many improvisation-based efforts, the outcome is jerky and episodic, with mundane matter one moment and frenzied shrieking the next, constantly riding the clichés and bathos which threaten the Method. At the same time, this company of seven is very good at it; all are swiftly and passionately "possessed" by their roles (and there are quite a lot of lines that are deliberately funny as well).

Instead of the conventional programme there is a "Theatrescript" (72pp. Methuen, £10.44/13.54/60.2) with the text and production photographs as well as the usual cast biographies and so forth - much better value than unhealthy adverts. Here the authors, Caryl Churchill and David Lan, explain how they have taken their subject, "possession", beyond mediums, gift of tongues etc. Into the everyday. David Lan writes "We were interested in...possession by forces within as well as without by fear, by anxiety, by habit. We chose to see possession as any form of behaviour that is not entirely under one's own control". But what, then, is excluded? The play is made up of

seven studies of about a quarter of an hour each, and all are, in fact, more or less violent and sensational. The most "ordinary" concern a suppressed transsexual who is fascinated by the story of a hermaphrodite, Herophile Barbin ("who s/he?"), and a young black acupuncturist with DTs. They are all better endowed with circumstantial quirks of this kind than with psychological conviction: seven characters in search of a fuller identity.

The *Bacchae* impinges as no more than scattered allusions until the closing scenes. The four women, watched by the (duplicated) Dionysus, tear the transsexual Pentheus (who is called - inevitably - Derick) to pieces. Almost immediately they become "unpossessed", and all but one turn away from the slaughter to slink home. Why is there no improvisation on "Imagine you have just come to your senses to find that you have torn a fellow human being into fragments with your bare hands"? In any case, one woman is not "exorcized" by the experience: Doreen, an overheated and angry secretary, the Agave figure, refuses to go home with the words: "There's nothing for me there. There never was. I'm staying here." At this point the Theatrescript stage-direction reads "The WOMEN turn back and stay", though I must confess that in performance this did not make a memorable impression.

Yet for the authors this is evidently the key moment. Caryl Churchill writes "At the end of *The Bacchae*, Agave gives up following Dionysus, but in this play she and the women stay on the mountain, accepting that they can't go back to their previous lives and welcoming further change"; and David Lan, more pugnaciously, "At the end of *The Bacchae*, Agave, having killed her son in a surfeit of ecstasy, comes back down the mountain to the city. For our Agave this is a moment not to abandon herself to the bureaucratic powers of the state, but to fight to take back control." But in Euripides' *Bacchae* Agave does not return to her city: she departs into stateless exile. She cannot return to society with her pollution; she will continue in the wild, the outside, but nowhere near the hateful mountain of Dionysus. Violence, Euripides seems to say, *pace* David Lan, cannot become politically constructive.

An absence of strife

David Bradshaw

Kangaroo
Canon, Haymarket

Cinematically, *Kangaroo* is not the most majestic novel. "Chapter follows chapter and nothing doing", Lawrence confesses towards the end of it, adding with a jaunty unconcern typical of the work in the early 1920s, "if you don't like the novel, don't read it." Even Jones's screenplay, on the other hand, which opens with Richard and Harriet Somers being bounded out of Cornwall and England during the First World War (an episode which occupies a superfluous, retrospective "nightmare" chapter in the novel) reveals a more responsible attitude. Yet this adaptation of *Kangaroo* is almost as unsatisfactory as the novel because Tim Burstall's direction fails to pump up the political tension which Lawrence eschews, and relies too much on the glories of the Australian outdoors. Footage of the supposedly consumptive Somers flinging himself into the ocean with all the masterful zip of a Bondi lifeguard, reappearing from the swirling spume and making love to his wife on the sand is a gratuitous indulgence in a film which pants in vain for suspense and causative tumult. Nor is it only in his athleticism that Colin Frels's Somers contrasts with Lawrence's original. The truculent character of the novel is replaced here by a polite, deferential character, the butt of his wife's wit, who spends a good deal of the time agog with astonishment at what he hears.

Somers is too beefy, the eponymous Kangaroo would not look out of place in a Nescafé commercial. Repeatedly sinister and charismatic he is merely a nasty wind-bag. *Kangaroo* is the leader of the Diggers, a clandestine paramilitary organization with a Lawrentian distaste for democracy, poised to confront the

growing influence of socialism with force. The Diggers are bonded by the Whitmanesque principle of "mateship", an expression of the homoerotic ideal which had tantalized Lawrence from *The White Peacock* onwards. Almost inevitably, though, the tenderness and asexuality of Lawrence's vision does not translate easily on to the screen. When Jack Calcott, a holder of the VC and a macho saloon-brawler, inquires whether Somers loves him and when he chastizes him for not loving Kangaroo, who has desperately pleaded for the Englishman's love, it is difficult to take the imbrolio seriously. Similarly problematic are the excerpts of sentimental gobbledygook from the novel which spasmodically erupt into the film, such as the scene in which the pros and cons of spunk are lengthily debated by Kangaroo and Somers.

The fitness and the absence of strife in the film mean that the riotous clash between the Diggers and the socialists in which twenty people are killed (there are four fatalities in the novel) does not work as a denouement, because we have simply not been prepared for it. Furthermore the battle appears to take place, not in the centre of Sydney, but at a sanitized location completely cleared of people. In the same way, a caption screened at the end of the film, informing the audience that D. H. Lawrence died in January 1930, is neither warranted nor accurate. This film will please neither the "thought-adventurers" whom Lawrence considered the ideal readers of his novel, nor those misled by the film's poster into anticipating unadulterated excitement.

Anthony Burgess's translation of the libretto for *Carmen*, by H. Meilac and L. Halévy, has recently been published (Bpnp. Century Hutchinson, Paperback £3.95, 0 09 168711 X). In his introduction, Burgess outlines some of the prosodic problems involved.

COMMENTARY

On with the glitz

John Deathridge

GEORGES BIZET
Carmen
Coliseum

Sporting a sexy picture of Sally Burgess, the English National Opera's new Carmen, the front page of the *Daily Mail* quoted her as saying "Carmen does what she likes and therefore I can play her as I like." As if to reinforce the point, page three displayed pictures of an aggressive Edwina Currie practising diligently at the Marylebone Rifle and Pistol Shooting Club "to prove the truth of the saying that the female is deadlier than the male".

It is hardly news that *Carmen* is "about" the anarchy of passion and sex wars; yet David Pountney's "new interpretation of one of the world's most widely known and well loved operas" (ENO programme) says just that, with the sole difference that the clichés are frozen into an unyielding array of dated symbols and dead metaphors. Carmen is a demotic lynx prowling among the detritus of *laissez-faire* capitalism - a boring nightmare of delapidated automobiles, aggressive cigarette ads and dazed soldiers in shabby fatigues. The war with Don José ends on the bonnet of a Lincoln Continental not far from the razzmatazz of a glitzy showbiz bonanza. The sacrificial altar is just another useful gadget, of course, suitably padded to stop it lurching up and down as José plunges his dagger into Carmen. Even the yellow uniforms of the Spanish dragoons in the original ("Va-t'en donc, canari", Carmen snaps, when José refuses to have sex with her) are reduced to dirty yellow berets, so that all Don José has to do with his symbol of cowardice is to tuck it under his shoulder lapel when the going gets tough.

At first, this *Carmen* feels like a bad joke gone haywire (an awful pun on Car-Men perhaps?) or at least a weak parody of East German *Sozialkritik*. By the end, it is depressingly earnest - an impression underscored by

Formula feelings

David Nokes

NIGEL WILLIAMS
Breaking Up
BBC1

"Are they drunk?" asks Mailer's school-chum Jackson as they observe, from the far side of a trim suburban avenue, Mailer's father's golf-clubs sailing from a window on to the front lawn, and Mailer's parents hurling insults at each other across the leafy drive. One can sympathize with the question, but in fact this embarrassing spectacle is the result not of drunkenness but of the hyperactivity which substitutes for imagination in a certain kind of television drama. *Breaking Up*, Nigel Williams's latest four-part television play, belongs to the increasingly frequent class of mini-series whose form seems designed to fulfil the requirements of scheduling rather than of drama. Lacking the integrity and concentration of the single play, they stretch out towards the formulaic cameos and bespoke issues of soap-opera. Sometimes the serial form allows for the development of character or the complexity of narrative. But often the opportunity to fill four hours rather than two is an invitation to complacency rather than concentration.

In *Breaking Up* the pace is leisurely to the point of laziness. Nearly ten minutes of the first episode were taken up with the dress rehearsal for a school production of *Hamlet*. The function of these scenes, which featured the young Mailer in a becomingly androgynous role as Ophelia with cupid's bow lips and a garland of flowers, was to supply some Oedipal colouring to the relationships of father, mother and son. Yet, though beautifully shot, they were protracted until they lost all finesse and became like a series of dull cultural blows to the head. Like the quotations from Virgil, the main effect of this allusiveness seems to be as a status symbol to distinguish this kind of work from *East Enders* with which, in fact, its content has

the programme booklet's wise words about macho men and the Carmen "enigma", not to mention the male hand on its cover stubbing out a cigarette into the midriff of a nude woman enshrouded in a glass ash tray.

Yet the difficulty with *Carmen* (at least for a producer bent on a "new interpretation") is its very lack of enigma. There is hardly an opera more resistant to ambiguity and fake symbolism. There are no utopias. The music, despite its sensuousness, is direct, immediately understandable and, as Nietzsche noticed, never claims to mean more than it says. Feelings are scarcely in doubt. Nor are character flaws ever less than sharply defined - not even in the pseudo-heroic bull-fighter Escamillo (David Arnold) who, according to Bizet's score, is meant to deliver his famous song *rude and avec faulx*.

Bizet once said that most composers, no matter how talented, "lack the one thing that could make present-day audiences understand them - melody", adding that many wrongly equate "melody" with "idea" - an antithesis that looks surprisingly, for a Frenchman anyway, like that famous Germanic opposition of spontaneous power and cerebral reflection. There are few "melodies" in Pountney's *Carmen*, though plenty of them well up from the ENO pit. Indeed, the real battle of the evening is not Carmen's with José, but the sound of Bizet's resilient score (excellently conducted by Mark Elder who manages to catch exactly the *impidez* which Nietzsche admired) effortlessly fighting off the puny ideas on stage. Apart from John Treleaven's brave, if sporadic attempts to retrieve the remnants of José, only Sally Burgess in the title role is convincing. She looks like a sullen, bored whore straight out of John Carpenter's film, *Escape from New York*. Yet, fortunately, she really does seem to play Carmen as she likes. Her singing is sensuous, subtly powerful and far from dull. And her flamenco dancing looks refreshingly genuine, just about the only thing in this production left over from the Seville *Carmen* can never quite do without.

strong affinities. This certainly would appear to be the principal justification for Alan Bennett's role here, turning in his familiar performance as a comic Mr Chips. "You reek of existential gloom", he remarks to Mailer, his voice rolling over each syllable like a mountain stream. He caresses the word "brassière" with his soft Northern intonation, giving it an air of Continental mystery. These are tones and phrases outside the range of soap opera, yet Bennett remains a guest star, a touch of class in a line-up of predictable routines.

The main problem with the series is that it has the feel of formula drama, with all the motifs of nostalgia and confrontation pre-assembled for use. Williams has pitched his play across all the major lines of conflict, where differences of class and sex and generations meet. He has carefully laid out all his dramatic trails, but the fuses remain damp. "Schools like that, they cause a lot of trouble", remarks Eileen Atkins as Mailer's mother, as if notching up a consciousness-raising point before turning back to the main marital theme. "There's divorce and divorce", observes Tony's social worker, "but this is the worst kind", a remark which seems considerably to overestimate the conflicts presented to us.

The best performances in the series come from the two boys. Mailer, played by Tim Haynes, and Jackson, played by Alexander Crockett. They are the Jennings and Darbyshire of this work, conversing in confident tones of callow worldliness which paradoxically produce an effect of embattled innocence. For them, every question has an answer, every problem an outcome. Marriage to them can be reduced to a simple definition, as nothing but a form of legal prostitution. As in all the best school yarns, it is the children who are the repositories of rational certainty and sanity, beset by an adult world inhabited by buffoons, impostors and failures. In his period-pastiche of these school-room certainties, Williams has achieved at least an effect of affectionate irony.

The fact of creation

Sunil Khilnani

CORNELIUS CASTORIADIS
Domaines de l'homme: Les carrefours du labyrinthe, II
 455pp. Paris: Seuil, 1984.
 2020091755

Intellectual life in France has experienced a prodigious transformation over the past decade. The "revolutionary tradition" which had for so long shaped the identity of the majority of French intellectuals, has now been abandoned. Marxism, the reference point for almost all French intellectual activity between 1945 and the mid-1970s, has all but ceased to be a subject of serious discussion. It is not as yet clear what all the implications of this massive shift in preferences are. But one outcome has been the belated and somewhat embarrassed recognition now being accorded to thinkers previously largely neglected. Where once Sartre held the stage, attention has moved to Raymond Aron. Rather than the theoretical amusements of Althusser, it is now the political philosophy of Cornelius Castoriadis which commands interest.

Castoriadis is by no means on the right of the political spectrum. Yet equally certainly, he is very uneasily situated on the French Left, whose orthodoxies he has always criticized. His recent attacks on the Socialists and Communists (examples of which are collected in the volume under review) are entirely consistent with a reasoned polemic which he has conducted since 1949 when, along with Claude Lefort, he founded the now legendary review, *Socialisme ou Barbarie*. In a post-war environment where to be anti-Communist was, in Sartre's phrase, to be a "slimy rat", and where to support the Communists was necessarily to support the Soviet Union, Castoriadis questioned and refused this set of equivalences. In the pages of *Socialisme ou Barbarie* he published a series of analyses of the Soviet régime, Stalinism, bureaucracy, and totalitarianism (until the 1970s, the French Left maintained a firm taboo against using this term in relation to the Soviet Union). Time and again, Castoriadis said what hardly anyone on the French Left at the time could bring themselves to say: to support the Soviet Union was in fact to be anti-revolutionary. This revolution at the outcome of the Russian Revolution pervades Castoriadis's work, and is captured by his claim in

the present volume that "politically, there is nothing to defend—insure from human lives—in Russian society".

In the late 1970s in Paris, it became not only possible but almost *de rigueur* to be seen to hold such views. Indeed, to claim some sort of association with *Socialisme ou Barbarie* (the review came to an end in 1965) became a sign of intellectual and political virtue. So widespread were such claims that Castoriadis once said, with customary irony, that if the *Socialisme ou Barbarie* group had been so numerous, then surely it would have gained political power. The fact is that it was very small. But its ideas gained a wide diffusion during the 1960s and the 1970s, especially among the "gauchistes" of 1968. Yet Castoriadis himself remained a relatively obscure figure, partly because until 1973, he published almost entirely under pseudonyms (variously Cardan, Chaulieu, or Coudray).

In 1975, Castoriadis published his first major book under his own name, *L'Institution imaginaire de la société* (a translation of this is forthcoming from Polity Press). This, his most important work to date, had two important effects in France. First, it provided a theoretical argument (made from the Left) for breaking with Marxism. Second, it laid the foundations for Castoriadis's own political philosophy. Aspects of this philosophy were amplified and extended in a collection of essays he published in 1978, *Les Carrefours du labyrinthe* (a translation of this appeared here in 1984). Castoriadis presents the volume under review as a sequel to this earlier collection. However, *Domaines de l'homme* is also intended to elucidate two major works which have yet to appear: *L'Élément imaginaire* and *La Création humaine*, both based on his seminars at the École des Hautes Études in Paris, where he has taught since 1980.

There is a direct continuity between the themes and ideas of Castoriadis's earlier work and the present volume. *Domaines de l'homme* collects together interviews, articles and essays composed and almost all published between 1974 and 1986. These range in scope and interest from the highly local (a piece on "The Left in 1985", a polemic against Parisian journalism) to the more widely encompassing: essays on the nature of equality, on psychoanalysis, on the imagination, on the history and philosophy of science, and on "development" and "rationality". This is an expansive book, scattering ideas freely. It estab-

lishes clearly both the originality of Castoriadis's work, and his importance in the realignment of political thought in France at present.

The core of his political philosophy is contained in probably the most interesting essay collected here, on "The Greek Polis and the Creation of Democracy". Adducing an argument which has resonances with themes to be found in Hannah Arendt and especially Heidegger, Castoriadis claims that the common flaw in Western political thought from Plato to modern liberalism and Marxism is the belief that there exists a complete and rational order of the world. The practical corollary to this is the striving somehow to link the ordering of human affairs to this pre-given order. This belief in what Castoriadis calls a "unitary ontology" obscures "the fundamental fact that human history is creation". He understands creation as a fundamental and fundamentally political question: it is a category within practical reason, founded on judgment and choice. Most crucially, it is an expression of autonomy.

A hero of the unresolved

Rhannon Goldthorpe

RONALD HAYMAN
 Writing Against: A biography of Sartre
 487pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson, £14.95.
 0297790021

Freud, according to Ronald Hayman, pushed biography decisively away from fact towards speculation; Sartre's own biographical writing veered, independently of Freud, towards fiction. While Hayman's account of Sartre's life is full of richly detailed fact and anecdote, he is by no means immune to psychoanalytic or imaginative pattern-making: all Sartre's work is "written against" the hearth of his mother's life. Is this a reductively Freudian explanation, or a discovery of the "original choice" which, for the early existentialist Sartre, could and should be constantly called into question? Or is it the starting-point for that "totalizing" process of understanding which, according to the later Sartre, should be the goal of any biographical enterprise, and which should move dialectically between the individual, his family and class situation, and his broader historical context?

Hayman seems to encourage this last view, but short of its Marxist implications: Sartre, he later suggests, also wrote, either simultaneously or successively, against his patriarchal and bourgeois grandfather (who abundantly provided the superego from which Sartre believed he had been freed by the early death of his father), against the bourgeoisie, against himself (the bourgeois intellectual), against the idea of the self, against the breakdown of democracy and liberty, against anti-Stalinism, against Stalin, and, at any given moment, against everything that he had previously written.

It is true that Sartre insisted, as a moral imperative, on the need to review one's responses constantly in a rapidly changing situation. This was neither a rationalization of inconsistency nor, as Hayman would have it, a form of self-betrayal. Indeed, the difficulty with the "writing against" thesis is that it tends to underestimate the continuity in Sartre's thought and to overemphasize the contradictions between, rather than the ambiguities within, his successive intellectual positions. For instance, Hayman exaggerates Sartre's negative attitude towards the imagination. He was fascinated by it, and it dominated his work from the early phenomenological treatise *L'Imaginaire* to the Flaubert biography, to say nothing of his own creative writing. His attitude towards the imaginary was deeply ambivalent, rather than consistently negative: it might be a mode of escapism and self-deception, but it also exemplified the freedom of consciousness and its powers of transcendence. In its negation of the real it might withdraw into nihilism; it might seek to transform reality into art or to change reality itself. It was as essential to socio-political action, whether direct or indirect, as it was to creative writing and, by extension, to his

The modern world, Castoriadis claims, is dominated by two contradictory processes: the extension of the scope of rationality, and the pressure towards greater autonomy. Rationality and autonomy constitute separate and irreducible domains of human being, and express the boundaries and potentialities of human action.

Castoriadis's thinking is marked by his understanding of the Athenian ideals of democracy and politics. For instance, his present view of the Soviet Union as a "stratocracy"—a militaristic, hierarchically organized society—appears to owe something to Thucydides' contrast between Sparta and Athens. Castoriadis's attachment to Athenian democracy produces some illuminating insights; but it also makes things easy for him. Surely the important contrast for modern political theory is not that between "totalitarianism" and Athenian democracy, but that between limited and unlimited government. And that is a distinction which it is much harder to get right.

essential to the link between the two. It is also implicated in Sartre's ambitious attempts to establish the total significance of an individual life and to grasp its involvement in the movement of history, while recognizing that such "totalities" could never be complete. In this perspective the Flaubert study is not, *pace* Hayman, a compensating retreat into individualism after the failure to sustain the sociopolitical arguments of the *Critique de la raison dialectique*. It is complementary, in its relative concreteness, to the abstractions of the *Critique*. The compensation was Sartre's direct immersion in the would-be revolution of 1968 ("L'Imagination au pouvoir") and in the anarchism of extreme left-wing politics which followed upon (or accounted for) its collapse.

Hayman's biography is more ambitious than Annie Cohen-Solal's recent, even longer, French one (reviewed in the *TLS*, July 11, 1986) in that he attempts to summarize the implications of Sartre's novels, plays, major essays and complex philosophical works in a few lapidary paragraphs. The results are uneven: Sartre's "Being" (unqualified by "in-itself" or "for-itself") is not Heidegger's "Dasein", which would be better rendered by the notion of "la réalité humaine". Sartre would not have taken as a compliment the contention that his early existential biographies of Baudelaire and Genet "are nothing if not Freudian in their approach". The claim that he never lost faith in his ability "to make the signifier transparent and the signified perfectly visible" does less than justice to the growing complexity of his views on language.

But apart from evaluating his creative and philosophical writing and his forays into aesthetics, literary criticism, anti-psychiatry and social theory, any life of Sartre must read like a global roll-call of post-war political and moral crises. His active involvement in events as public conscience, journalist, activist and unofficial ambassador concerns Hayman far more than the minutiae of Marxist controversy, and he is particularly sensitive to Sartre's lifelong preoccupation with the ethics of violence. Like many Sartrean dilemmas, it remained unresolved both in theory and in practice.

For Hayman, this refusal to resolve and conclude, or even to complete an *oeuvre* consisting largely of massive fragments, bears witness to achievement rather than failure. Indeed, he suggests that Sartre's importance depends more on his failures than on any of his successes, and, with a biographer's *parti pris*, he considers Sartre's greatest achievement to be the trajectory of his life. His sheer persistence was heroic and, if he failed, it was because he was addicted to the impossible. It is true that Sartre, who was not given to self-aggrandizement or affectation, maintained that committed writing should, like bananas, be consumed on the spot, and he wrote off his own commitment to writing as a form of narcissism. He would have thought it right that his intellectual progeny should, as so many did, turn upon their father. But he also maintained that writing was his life. Sartre's work is his best biography.

Those in authority

Perry Anderson

MICHAEL MANN
 The Sources of Social Power
 Volume One: A History of Power from the Beginning to AD 1760
 599pp. Cambridge University Press, £37.50 (paperback, £12.95).
 0521308518

Who could fail to be intellectually stirred by the breadth of Michael Mann's horizon in this three-volume study? Its aim, in his own words, is nothing less than "to provide a history and theory of power relations in human societies", an enterprise he thinks "likely to be virtually synonymous with a history and theory of human society itself". Any initial misgivings that such a large promise must be idle or inflated are soon dispelled. The ambition of the conception is, against all conventional expectations, matched by the clarity and grandeur of the execution.

Mann's history of power begins with a survey of pre-historic evolution, and the reasons why it did not generally debouch into stable forms of social stratification. It then proceeds to an account of the emergence of civilization and the State in Mesopotamia, with some side-glances at other Near Eastern, Asian or American *Hochkulturen*. Sargon's Akkadian conquests are studied as the inauguration of a new configuration of power—"empires of domination", of which the Assyrian and Persian subsequently receive separate treatment. Classical Greece arises as the heir jointly of Near Eastern riverine civilization, Iron Age plough agriculture coming from the North, and Mediterranean coastal trade pioneered by the Phoenicians; hoplite infantry, however, are the key to the construction of the class-divided polis, an ordering of power without regional or other precedent. The Roman world that succeeded it is defined by Mann as the first true "territorial" empire, capable of enforcing its rule uniformly across a vast geographical space rather than relying on indirect control through heterogeneous clients, as did the "empires of domination". The contradictory effects of the Roman unification of the Mediterranean generate the spread of Christianity as a religion of salvation, which then provides the crucial moral carapace for decentralized economic growth in Europe during the Dark and Middle Ages, based on self-soil agriculture and littoral commerce. In this environment the transition towards capitalism came to be inextricable from the growth of a multiplicity of "organic" national states, with far greater effective power over their territory—less formal reach—than any ancient empire, each at once constructed and checked by warfare between them.

Such a simplified summary conveys little more than the chronological scope of Mann's survey, bold enough in itself. But it is the quality of his analytical narrative that is most impressive. Contemporary sociologists, however well intentioned in their approach to the past, often tend to be gauche in their handling of it. Nothing could be less true in this case. Mann displays a formidably close command of the literature on his multifarious topics, and an intuitive realism of evidence that would do credit to any historian. To sustain these gifts evenly, without any appearance of strain, across a span that extends from Beaker bands to Hanoverian oligarchs is an astonishing achievement.

But it is not one superadded, as it were, to the sociological enquiry as a whole; rather it derives from it. For Mann's theory of power is what takes him so closely into his history. At one level, this theory is general and conventional enough. There are four sources of social power invoked in the title: economic, political, military and ideological. Mann's justification of this quartet is somewhat cursory—he points to the return to a more extended foundation of it in his third volume. At any rate, within his own scheme, "political" power (perhaps better transcribed as "administrative") is at any rate, for the period of this volume, does not seem to possess the same explanatory power as the others: for any example of it manifestly depends on the possession of other ideological or military power. But he also maintained that writing was his life. Sartre's work is his best biography.

monks or marauders who cross his pages show. Political power in a "pure" state cannot exist in the same sense.

With this reduction, however, the preliminary classification is unexceptionable, if not very novel. The originality of Mann's theory lies elsewhere, at a lower level of specificity: in his comprehensive concern with what he calls the "exact infrastructures" of each kind of power—that is, the detail of their organizational techniques. The logistics of military mobility; the extent and quality of literacy; the technology of farming and the transport capacities of trade; the incidence and range of judicial control; the pattern of fiscal revenue and expenditure are typical of the areas where Mann transforms our understanding of what the historical possibilities and realities of power have been, and how they have changed, over millennia.

Again and again, these investigations are

bravura performances. Mann strenuously repudiates the "false opposition" between Idealism and materialism as modes of social explanation—a "sterile dualism" he hopes to break down. But in some ways his distinctive approach is best characterized in a phrase of his colleague John Hall's, whose essay *Powers and Liberties* can be taken as an eloquent counterpart to Mann's encyclopaedic study, as an "organizational materialism". It is this common focus on the organization of contrasting types of power that confers such vast utility on his sociology of it. Most practitioners, whatever their theoretical liberty in constructing or distinguishing different kinds of power, are usually at home with only one or two of them. Sociologists, like historians or the rest of us, tend to have temperamental affinities of a fairly selective sort. Weber was the great exception; and Mann is another. The validity of his claim to elude the ordinary connotations of Idealism or materialism lies not in any—all too familiar presumption of a—philosophical supersession of them, but in the even-handed perspicacity and fluency with which he moves from religious doctrine to tax structure, from military strategy to agrarian ecology, from class relations to state diplomacy. All of these are unified in a single analytic of power. That might seem forbidding. An obsession with power normally suggests sinister overtones. But although Mann's optic does involve a limitation of his field of vision, there is no trace of an authoritarian fascination with his object. On the contrary, his writing is singularly humane and democratic to temper. The monumentality of the enterprise is offset by an agreeable informality of style, a prose of short, vigorous, vivid sentences, without undue jargon or rhetoric, which engages the reader in direct argument—in that regard, a far cry from Weber.

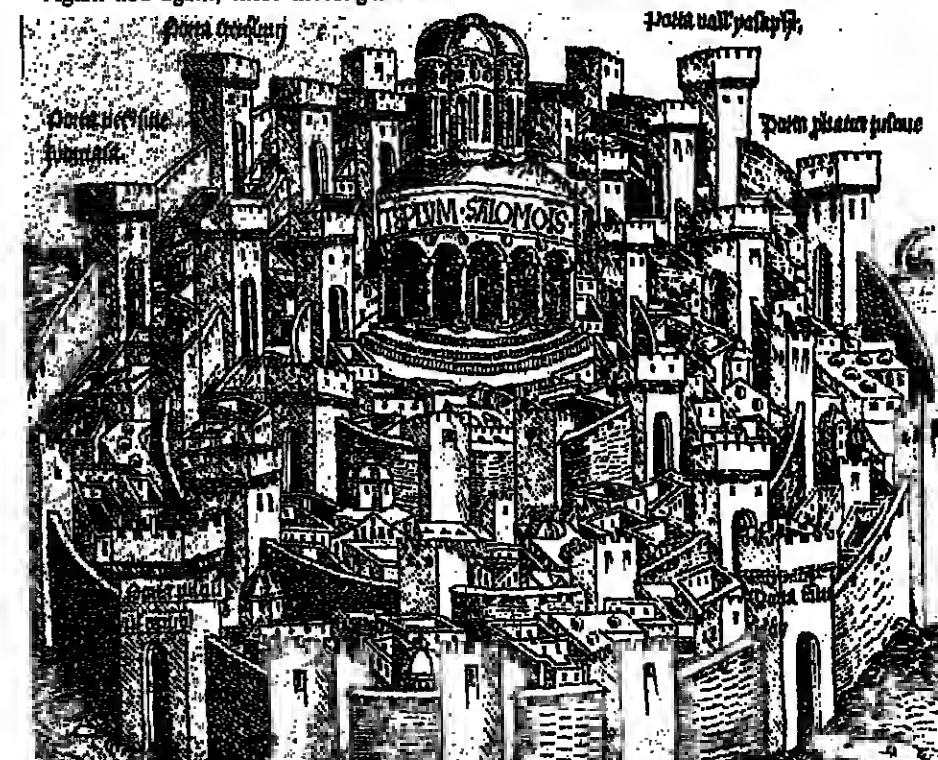
Mann describes his view of social development, in a term of Ernest Gellner's, as "neotenic", in a form of evolutionary. Human history is not so much a series of episodes, as it is a process of change in power—power and so human society—changes in staccato bursts, rather than through any continuous growth, and its cumulative enhancement has been, he insists towards the end of the book, accidental. Much therefore depends on the choice of the episode: he singles out for attention, and the plausibility of his accounts of them.

What can be said of these? The first real crux in the book concerns his explanation of the rise of civilization and the State. Having argued that general social evolution did not lead in this direction, because tendencies to social hierarchy and inequality cyclically went into reverse as those who risked subordination in prehistoric groups moved on or away from them, Mann contends that the essential precondition for the emergence of civilization and acceptance of its discontents was a "closing of escape routes" or ecological "caging". This is a logical deduction, rather than a geographical or historical conclusion. His actual survey of the rise of civilization focuses overwhelmingly on

Mesopotamia, where he subsequently has to note that there was not much ecological closure at all, but rather a topographical space marked by a "lack of clear-cut external boundaries", yielding a "civilization fuzzy at the edges", the product of "various interaction networks" created as much as anything by "ecological diversity". Tacitly redefining his starting-point in terms of the model he constructs of Mesopotamia, Mann then seeks to apply it to Egypt, which he finds a "deviation" because it lacked "overlapping regional networks", was, so to speak, too sequestered along the Nile. These contradictions are left in the air as he moves to China or the Indus Valley—the two other regions of major alluvial agriculture, and to Crete or Pre-Columbian America, which were not. Discussion of all these is desultory, even when they undermine the premises of the analysis most clearly ("the Maya were not particularly caged").

The origins of civilization pose one of the most long-standing conundra of the social sciences, and Mann cannot be blamed for having failed to solve it. But here his method has let him down. Only a comparative analysis—more firmly inductive in spirit—could offer a hope of coherent explanation. Such an account would have, among other things, to pay closer attention to the place of organized religion in the birth of the State than Mann gives it: a point emphasized by a Marxist, Maurice Godelier; and it would have to look more systematically at the range of economic surplus available for either. But above all, it could not privilege one region and treat all others as perfunctory adjuncts. Mann's opening Mesopotamian option is not, however, arbitrary—it has definite significance for what follows.

The second major theme of the book is the nature and import of "empires of domination". Sargon, Assurbanipal and Cyrus are the leading figures here: all establishing imperial States across the breadth of the Tigris and Euphrates. Mann's dissection of the mechanisms of rule that allowed these sprawling structures to be built in a world of desperately limited transport



Jerusalem from the Nuremberg Chronicle, 1493; it is taken here from Kenneth Nebenzahl's Maps of the Bible Lands (164pp. Times Books, £30. 07230 0285 1).

the second, once the material conditions of cultural universalism—in literacy, language and trade—spread beyond the ruling strata, and so subverted official cults to generate the triumph of Christianity under the Dominate. Neither of these processes tells us much about the fall of the Empire. Mann does briefly broach relationships between the State and the landed classes, but in an uncharacteristically nebulous fashion that compares somewhat lamely with Chris Wickham's recent treatment of the same subject; there is little sense of the increasing social polarization that gripped the Western Empire. Deprived of an internal dynamic, Mann therefore has to fall back on the familiar ground of increased external pressures to account for the end of the Roman order. But barbarian invasions notoriously cannot explain Byzantine survival; hence he is driven to ignore the subsequent life of the Eastern Empire altogether, his narrative coexisting Byzantium to an oblivion into which even Gibbon did not venture to thrust it. The rise of Rome is far more memorable here than its decline.

One of the reasons for this is that Mann's interest is much more centrally engaged by another question: why and how did Christianity triumph in the Roman world? His discussion of this is in many ways a *tour de force*, one of the most original and compelling parts of the book, above all as it explores the social pathways by which the new faith asserted itself. But there is a suggestive bias to it. All religions have a dual existence: as systems of individual consolation within the cosmos, and as bonds of social cohesion within the community. Weber concentrated on the first, Durkheim on the second—respectively the sacred in human relationships with nature, and with society. Mann's interpretation of Christianity is singularly Durkheimian. "Christianity was not a response to material crisis, or was it a spiritual alternative to the material world. The crisis was one of social identity: what society do I belong to?" This blunt affirmation, whose lack of nuance contrasts with the general way

Masses in the mind

Andrew Dobson

JOSÉ ORTEGA Y GASSET
The Revolt of the Masses
 Translated by Anthony Kerrigan
 240pp. University of Notre Dame Press, £20.
 0268016097

Originally published in Spain in 1929, *La Rebelión de las Masas* is Ortega's most famous and most translated work. Its main theme is accurately summed up by Saul Bellow in his short (two-page) foreword to this new translation: "It is Ortega's view that we in the West live under a dictatorship of the commonplace". Beneath this, however, lies a developed sociology of elitism. Ortega disabuses us of the idea that either "mass" or "elite" are terms intended to have class connotations—indeed, he believes that every class will have its own mass and an outstanding minority. Mass-man is defined rather by an attitude of mind, which might be characterized as passive nihilism, as against the "select individual", whose definitive feature is that he "demands more from himself than do others".

Ortega's starting-point is the extraordinary increase in the population of Europe since 1800. Yet from his perspective it is not the mass itself which is the problem but where it is to be found—in roles created by, and therefore reserved for, an élite: "artistic and aesthetic enterprises; the functioning of government; political judgment on public matters". The danger attendant upon this intrusion is that the mass is unaware and uncomprehending of the delicate

roots of its inheritance. "Born into" civilization, he writes, the masses threaten its survival by thinking that it is something natural, whereas in reality it was something "founded", with much difficulty, by a few people. In a healthy polity the attitude of the mass towards the élite will be one of "humility, adoration and enthusiasm", whereas Ortega considered contemporary Western society to be characterized by a mass which had invaded élite territory.

Ortega often wondered why this, his most widely read work, never had much of a reception in Britain. Anthony Kerrigan provides a clue in his useful introduction when he refers to Ortega's "classic liberalism"—a liberalism he defines as "alien... to the twentieth century's worldwide egalitarian Zeitgeist". The universalist, collectivist traditions which inform liberalism in Britain have always prevented *The Revolt of the Masses* from being required reading for British liberals. To the extent that the post-war collectivist consensus is, however, breaking down throughout Europe, there exists a genuine possibility of Ortega's exhumation, and it may be that the New Right in particular would find in him a kindred spirit.

Kerrigan's new translation makes Ortega's contribution to the debate splendidly accessible to a modern readership. It is much the best there has been, passing the acid test of readability by avoiding the pitfalls of literalism. Where, for example, the 1932 translation (authorized by Ortega) insists on rendering the Spanish historical present by the English present, Kerrigan uses the past tense. His confidence with the original and willingness to experiment formally also help to convey the stylishness of Ortega's Spanish.

complex evidence is handled in his study, derives from Mann's overall angle of vision. In a work devoted to social power, religion must be thematically subordinated as a form of it. That can tell us part – an important part – of the truth about the rise of Christianity; but far from all of it. For the "history of power" is not "virtually synonymous" with human history *tout court*, contrary to his initial claim. In making it he veers close to the characteristic modern confusion that simply equates power and culture, whose foremost exponent has been Michel Foucault – otherwise far removed from his concerns. What Mann's account of Christianity casts radically aside is its intellectual setting within the classical thought-world: the extent to which it could exploit the moral and philosophical gap between a rationalized culture, capable of producing an Epicurus or Lucretius, and residualized cults, ever more degraded to the imperial ends of a Domitian or Elagabalus, in a new explanation of the universe. The role of the supernatural is all but banished from Mann's account of Christianity: the word "miracle" never occurs in it. Yet it is upon these that contemporary polemics with paganism above all turned: not on alternative visions of the social order, but on divine intervention in the natural order. Mann's insensitivity to this dimension of Christianity is quite consistent, and leads him later on to the startlingly unhistorical judgment that the Church "committed a terrible blunder" by rejecting scientific rationality from the seventeenth century onwards, since the physical world was a "trivial area" for its concerns, which were "overwhelmingly social, not natural" – as if Galileo and Darwin could properly have been welcomed by the Holy See, if only occasional incumbents had been slyer.

Mann ends his book with an exploration of European development from 800 to 1760, which seeks to trace out the determining forces of its unique dynamism in a world-historical perspective. His explanation rests on the cumulation of what can reasonably be simplified again to three "sources" of power. His account of the transformations of economic production and exchange between the Dark Ages and the Enlightenment is generally lucid and proficient, although it contains, as he himself notes, little that is novel as a contribution to an understanding of the transition from feudalism to capitalism. The fire-bursts of Eric Jones would in any case be a hard display to follow over environmental, demographic or technological terrain. More significant, perhaps, is the sparseness of coverage devoted to property relations – here, as elsewhere throughout the book, Mann's polymathic range curiously omits the law for the most part.

On the other hand, his path-breaking morphology of the politico-military structures of the state, from Otto to Frederick II, is magnificent: shaped around careful analysis of royal and public finances in the paradigmatic case of England, this reconstruction of the slow emergence of the European state system is the most decisive single demonstration in the book. Its gist is that the primary crucible of state-formation and transformation was always external military competition rather than the needs of internal political administration. No one has ever worked through the ensuing historical logic with such intellectual command. Yet this empirical centre-piece of the final part of the book is not its theoretical fulcrum. No more than "decentralized" feudal agriculture is the multiple-state system of medieval or early modern times an explanatory innovation in the literature on the rise of the West. As Mann himself acknowledges, geo-strategic analysis of the latter was a leitmotif of the German tradition that culminated in Hintze.

What is new in Mann's explanation is the role he ascribes to his third source of power – ideology. The surprise hero of the tale is the Catholic Church. His argument, reduced to essentials, is that it was only the resplendent and softening influence of Christian ethical teaching that "pacified" violence between or within States in some measure and "regulated" exchange of goods over any distance. The Church's preaching of "consideration, decency and charity towards all Christians" imparted a "common humanity" and "social identity" to Europeans that acted as a "substitute for coercive pacification normally required in previous extensive societies". In short, without sermons

no peace and no trade. Religious faith here becomes the precondition of economic development and political civilization. As Mann points out, this is not a Weberian view in so far as it does not appeal to any particular relation between doctrine and labour or nature: it simply – far more drastically – entrusts to theology the virtues of sociality as such. Having laid out this claim in his discussion of the medieval Church, Mann drives the argument home without equivocation in his conclusion. After rehearsing the contribution of his "four main power networks" (sc, three – the chapter is actually entitled "capitalism, Christendom, and states") to the dynamism of Europe, he declares: "I have singled out one, Christendom, as necessary for all that followed. The others also made a significant contribution to the resultant dynamic, but whether they were 'necessary' is another matter." Christianity is *primus inter pares* as a cause of Occidental triumph. The last wisdom of social science re-discovers the first conviction of the conquistadors themselves.

There are, however, two obvious objections to Mann's view, which only the particular

architecture of his book could have led him to overlook. The first is simply that "Christendom", to use the term he persistently employs, was never confined to Western Europe. The massive reality of the Eastern Church is blotted out from Mann's account, once Byzantine history is dispatched down the oubliette. Where were the fruitifying effects of Orthodox Christianity on economic and political life – why did it release no comparable development in Anatolia or the Balkans? Mann provides no principles of differentiation within the history of Christian doctrine or organization that could explain the divergence. Whatever else it may have lacked, Byzantium certainly did not want for normative regulation by religion. But the same is true, of course, of the Islamic world, let alone of early imperial China. By recasting a Wehrmacht claim for the catalytic role of religion in generic Durkheimian form, Mann deprives himself of any reasonable basis for claiming special privileges for Christianity. "Normative pacification" is a hold-all in the baggage of every major faith. There was a good deal more effective enforcement of it in Abbasid or Tang lands than in the world of Charles the Bald.

How can Mann screen out such evident reflections? The answer lies in an underlying *parti pris* of his work. The nature of his enterprise, he explains, is "historical, not comparative, sociology". There are occasional side-lights – a very able one on Hindu caste, for example – but, fundamentally, Mann constructs just one, continuous pedigree of power. A gigantic narrative binds Sumer to the City of London in a single unfolding story, from Mesopotamia to Modern Europe. He theorizes such continuity as the "macropattern" of a "long-term drift", far antedating medieval experience, of the "leading edge of civilization" towards the West and North-West because of "political blockage" in the Orient – where this vanguard had to fight "a defensive, sometimes losing, battle against aggressive eastern neighbours", while finding favourable ecological opportunities westwards. It is this meta-historical peregrination of progress towards the Occident that explains most of the weaknesses and blind spots of Mann's history noted above: Egypt treated as an anomaly in the emergence of civilization, and ignored as an empire of domination; China relegated to footnote condition as a territorial empire; Byzantium excluded from the ambit of Christendom; Islam disregarded as a force of normative pacification.

The book's most striking failure is to give any proportionate weight or attention to Chinese experience. That alone disqualifies the subtitle of Mann's work, which is a touch of unnecessary hubris. Was Shang civilization ever environmentally "caged"? Did the unfication of Ch'in not long precede that of Rome? Has the family-responsibility system no place in the inventory of "infrastructures of power"? Were literacy rates in the time of Han Wu-Ti less than under Hadrian? Can Confucianism be appropriately described as a "salvation religion"? Was the countryside of the Southern Sung really a mere laggard beside the panorama of a twelfth-century Europe that was "already the most agriculturally inventive civilization since the Iron Age"? Joseph Needham might have written in vain for all the impact of his work on this series of assumptions. There was a period when a rudimentary immobility was all too often attributed to the early medieval economy. But the necessary correction to this view has become a giddy over-reaction in Mann's vision, which sees Europe "leaping ahead by AD 1000" – Anglo-Saxons and Franks already germinating "the major achievements of our scientific, industrial capitalist era". Admonishing the reader that "European self-denigration is misplaced", Mann neglects the worse danger of self-inflation.

The springs of this error are not cultural, or any familiar kind of Eurocentrism. They lie in a theoretical fallacy: the idea that there cannot be a sociology at once historical and comparative. Mann gives no valid reason for counterpoising the two. His remarks on the subject are fleeting and specious – comparative sociology is "too difficult" (at any rate after Muhammad), or "does not have enough cases" for its purpose. By shutting out real comparisons from his history, however, he has denied himself indispensable empirical controls for too many of his hypotheses. It is difficult not to feel that the motive for this restriction may have been less the intellectual impossibility of creating a wider framework than the compositional gain of the narrower one. For Mann's history of power, precisely because it does funnel into a multi-millennial exordium of the Industrial Revolution alone, acquires a hand-on narrative drive quite unlike anything in the masterpieces of classical sociology. Not less than *Economy and Society* itself in analytic stature, it is superior as literature.

It is these qualities which are likely to remain with the reader, long after any particular reservations about its method or conclusions have faded. All criticisms of *The Sources of Social Power* are bound to have something of the cat looking at the king. For this is, after all, only the first of three volumes, the next of which will trace the fate of nations and classes up to the present. No sociological enterprise of this magnitude has ever been undertaken that was not animated by some – tacit or explicit – political passion. One waits absorbed to see what that will prove to be. There can be little doubt that a great work is in the making.

... in progress

Futile pathetic kindly-meant circular:

'We are inviting patients about your age ...

please bring along a urine sample ...

blood pressure tendency ... at Health Centre ...'

[What's 40 years here or there on the chrono-stratigraph?, you wrote.
Striking a stance, you were, then; really believe it, though, now.]

[Three-day abdominal pain: dead scared – the liver/the plonk?
Sudden recovery; with renewed vigour, vivid perception ...]

Freezing fog – shivering rooks huddle, wings grizzled with frost.
Lipstick-smudged fag-end, still fulminant, fizzes steam on a wet grave.

Loud from a garage a PFSSST sternutates in the air-hose.
Bickering Pepsi tins empty clack on ice-skinned canal top.

Out of an overflow pipe, ice drools, off-white congealed wax.
[Ossless, quotidian; worth, through revived awareness, n paeann.]

Donnée of time and {topography – Ashes Valley at Sunset.
cartography
duck-egg gashed gold, splashed maroon; dulling to indigo bruise.

[... when you read this, it may be already done ...]
Low over dim pines, dactylic phrases croak
(Scolopax nasicola roding),
finishing off in a sneeze-like high 'swick',

[... supine in bracken ...] the only other sound is a rattle
(barbs in a brow's plastic pthal); — " — " —

But the availability of the things ...
pox on all quacks who won't prescribe knock-out drops
(not with an irresponsible randomness,
but with humane good grace to those glum
as
terminals knowingly ready for it).

Fleet St conveys guerrilla activity
deep in Sri Lankan forest – a cyanide
pellet depends from each one's necklace:
in the event of capture or overthrow
infinite luxury (7 seconds).

Briefly this gravitas weighting the conversation at breakfast
lightens: Gorillas, though, Dad, surely aren't clever enough?

PETER READING

Interrelativities

Alan Saunders

ALAN FRIEDMAN and CAROL C. DONLEY
Einstein as Myth and Muse
Edgemoor, Cambridge University Press, £25.
ISBN 0 521 26720 X

The evocation of Einstein in the 1920s – shaggy and benevolent, unmistakably a good and wise man – with which *Einstein as Myth and Muse* opens, is one of its best features. It has its grin counterpart in the final chapter, which tells how, for no very good reason, Einstein became the popular and literary mind n'ring, Promethean figure who "brought the atomic fire to mortal men". Between these interesting passages of cultural history, Alan J. Friedman and Carol C. Donley (the one a physicist, the other a literary critic) have set themselves the difficult task of describing the cultural "significance of science in Einstein's century". Relativity, quantum mechanics and the classical physics which they supplanted get a chapter each, and among them come descriptions of the "new set of fundamental images" which this science created and of its "applications" in fiction and poetry. The result is an unusual and unwieldy structure whose component parts are, however, quite conventional: popular science and literary criticism of the influence-hunting, image-collecting kind.

The chapters on popular science are variably successful. The authors are very good at explaining relativity to us but – forgivably – run into difficulties with quantum mechanics. Here surprisingly, their account of classical physics is not as clear as it might be. However,

The price of survival

C. A. Russell

CL. HEILBRON
The Dilemmas of an Upright Man: Max Planck
spokesman for German science
Edgemoor, University of California Press, £14.50.
ISBN 0 520 05110 4

Why does nature "guzzle" rather than "sip" (in the manner of a man who downs his beer a pint at a time)? More technically, why do energy levels of an atomic resonator vary stepwise rather than continuously? The question was a fundamental problem for physics in the early twentieth century, and its resolution lay in the new quantum theory of Max Planck. Together with Heisenberg's uncertainty principle and the theory of relativity, quantum theory was to become a pivotal feature of post-classical theoretical physics. Its founder had successfully achieved a reconciliation between thermodynamics and the older mechanics, but was eventually to be troubled by ethical dilemmas in denouncing that their solution demanded not only the genius of a truly creative scientist but

it is the literary content of their book that gives most concern. What we are offered is little more than a catalogue of modernists (Pound, Joyce, Faulkner, Eliot and the rest), each doggedly entered, with due note of the presumed scientific influences on his or her work. Faced with such a list, one is tempted to query omissions – Terry Johnson's play *Insignificance*, for example, or Philip Glass's opera *Einstein on the Beach* – but to do so would be to concede

too much to the authors. For it is not easy to say just what sort of connections are being made here. Some writers, we learn, actually use Einstein as an image in their work, others claim (not always convincingly) that the methods of science underwrite their own experiments in literary form; but some do neither: instead, they offer "parallels" to the new physics. There are "close parallels" between Faulkner's "manipulations of space and time" and Ein-



Lane Jacoby's photograph of Albert Einstein and Thomas Mann at Princeton in 1938. It is reproduced from *Einstein as Myth and Muse* edited by Kelly Wise (187pp. Addison House; distributed in the UK by Travelling Light, £17.50, 0 89169 045 X).

an additional degree of moral probity only to be found in "an upright man". In this book the role of Max Planck is placed within the context of cataclysmic changes in German society as dire as any portended within the new physics. Linking the two is the *Weltschmerz* of one man, who saw the rise and fall of Weimar science, whose rectitude allowed him little sympathy with Nazism, yet whose loyalty to the community of science demanded painful compromise as the price of survival.

J. L. Heilbron is a distinguished historian of science who tells us that his book was an unexpected outcome of a bibliography of Planck's non-technical writings. It is a richly documented source of information about Planck's inner thoughts and struggles, as well as his more public stance on behalf of German science. At the very least it offers a valuable corrective to naive generalizations about physics in Germany before and after Hitler's accession to power. More positively, it reveals the complexity of the scientific, philosophical and political issues facing German physicists. To unravel this threefold skein is difficult enough for the historian; for the participants it was

impossible, even though many of them saw its interconnectedness. Max von Laue, for instance, viewed the uncertainty principle as an expression of deep cultural pessimism, while Planck himself wrestled with problems of causality and free will. More alarming was the dissonance over the relative merits of Jewish science (mathematical, abstract and associated with Einstein) and "true" German science (realist, and associated with Nazis like Stork and Lenard). Those who deny any connection between science and the culture in which it grows should be made to read this book.

The central figure emerges as thoroughly human: fallible, impatient, even confused at times, but who can blame him for that? Yet in addition to his superlative qualities as a physicist Planck seems to have had a personal magnetism that endeared him to colleagues like Paul Ehrenfest, who found his "very glance was reassurance" in critical times. To read Heilbron's account is to gain unique insights into the experience of a first-rank scientist who saw the world whole, and to have a fresh understanding of a crucial period in the recent history of science.

is far and away the best guide to quantum physics at present available.

Today quantum physics is not the sole province of the physicist; it also plays a vital part in theories about the beginning of the universe, the subject of John Gribbin's *In Search of the Big Bang*. A tour de force, written in a most persuasive journalistic style, the book contains all the facts and, as with Ne'eman and Kirsh's book, some interesting anecdotes. After a nod to history, Gribbin provides a useful description of the present universe. Then by way of a concentrated section on quantum physics, he arrives at the holy grail of modern physics, the hunt for a theory to combine all the natural forces into one superforce. Gribbin is too old a hand to omit hinting, here and there, that the story is still incomplete. Wisely his text never specifically rules that out. The book has two quirks: it uses American spelling and the general reader would profit from a glossary of unfamiliar terms. But these are no more than quibbles about what is a first-class description of today's ideas about the origin of the universe.

LITERATURE



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Haunted multitudes

Mark Casserley

P. H. NEWBY
Leaving In the Wind
235pp. Faber. £9.95.
0571 4572-4

This is a novel of experience: its characters' experiences of almost twenty years of their lives, of course, but, even more, P. H. Newby's own wide experience, as a writer with a multitude of novels to his name. The story begins on an Atlantic steamer in the mid-1950s, with the first meeting of Edwin Parsler, a poet and a much-travelled insurance man (the reference to Wallace Stevens is made explicit), and Lisa Muller, then a child, an intense German-American in search of a purpose. She finds this in her work for the State Department, and an obsession with Shakespeare; on one level, the book concerns an unconsummated, even cerebral, love-affair, for Lisa fascinates Edwin, and becomes his Muse. The other main character is Aston Hart, who forms in Kenya, but is also the Parslers' neighbour in England. He loses his first wife under mysterious circumstances, moves to Uganda and then to the right-hand inn (Amin was his NCO in the King's African Rifles), escapes from there and returns to Kenya, where Lisa catches up with him, having learned of his distant family connection with Shakespeare. Eventually they marry, and return to live in England with Aston's daughter, Jo. By the end, in 1977, with Amin expected to gate-crash the Commonwealth Conference, and perhaps Aston's house as well, "Ed" is recovering from a riding accident that has paralysed him (he has already had to come to terms with his wife's adultery), while Lisa is delivered of her son, Will, and believes herself to have kept Amin at bay through psychic forces.

These happenings are narrated as though by a raconteur, but the deceptively conversational tone, the persona of a man of the world who knows its ways and the tendency to slip

information to the reader obliquely, are all aspects of a style that is both intimate with the characters and hovering between them. It represents a fusion of impersonal and first-person narration: thus the narrative is dominated by Parsler's viewpoint, but towards the end, it begins to centre on Lisa and Aston Hart, so that the accident comes into view only as it is reported in them. This is all done with self-conscious ease, which also shows in Newby's handling of time: he allows years to pass, almost casually, then devotes a whole chapter to a single day—Parsler, returning home from church during a heatwave, and suffering from the effects, experiences a Whitmanesque feeling of all-inclusive awareness ("he contained multitudes"), and forgiveness towards his wife; the preternaturally intelligent Jo holds a party to celebrate both her birthday and her arrival at puberty, and suffers a fit in the middle of it.

This event is a set-piece which concentrates many of the themes of the novel, for Newby's method keeps them simultaneously present, yet unresolved. Aston Hart was cursed by a dying Mau Mau warrior; the house in Kenya was believed to be haunted, his first wife dropped dead as the local priest, Father Curtis (a figure with a Nansen passport out of Greeneand), was performing an exorcism, and Aston feels pursued by witchcraft, as well as by unwanted gifts from Amin, now back in England. As part of his one-sided mental game, Parsler had planted a fake Shakespeare letter in the house for Lisa to find: during her (possibly psychic) stepdaughter's fit, Lisa's study catches fire, yet the letter is found afterwards, unharmed. Was it put there after the fire, or is there some occult explanation? At the end Lisa's view is that "we're all crazy in our different ways", but that there are "spirits out there", all, good and bad, leaning in "some great wind. That's what I can feel, that wind." Despite Lisa's flirtations with silliness, we are left convinced that these characters, who experience such strangeness, are too aware not to believe in it.

Not as other men

Christopher Hawtree

WALTER ALLEN
Get Out Early
240pp. Hale. £9.95.
07090 2782-6

In the course of twenty years, interrupted by the Second World War, Walter Allen produced *The English Novel* and six novels, most of them now difficult to find outside the British Museum—and its Woolwich annex at that. As Allen relates in an entertaining volume of memoirs, *As I Walked Down New Grub Street*, Michael Joseph told him that his first novel, *Innocence Is Drowned*, would sell 420 copies, a prediction it failed to fulfil—only 419 were shifted. For all its parallels with the memoirs, the novel has a symbolic structure, echoed in the title from Yeats, which also sets it apart from that of others in the so-called "Birmingham Group". *Blind Man's Ditch*, published a few months before the war, effectively assimilated such devices into a thriller whose pervasive seediness and seaside climax inevitably provoked comparisons with Graham Greene.

After the unmemorable *Living Space* came *Rogue Elephant*, a comedy that owes something to Virginia Woolf (strange as that sounds) and shows an easy adaptability to post-war circumstances of a kind that other Birmingham writers, such as Walter Brierley, Leslie Halward and John Hampson, could not manage. All the skill and coarseness evident in these novels came together with the depiction of war-time factory life and its effect on a family

in *Dead Man Over All* and in *All in a Lifetime*, whose first-person narrative recreates Allen's father and that earnest working-class world of evening-classes and a burgeoning Labour Party.

"Tom is not as other men", wrote the narrator of his youngest, ah, son. "There is an ugly word for him: psychopath." After a gap of twenty-seven years Allen has provided a new perspective on that remarkable novel and draws on other fiction about the 1930s to explain the son's wilful rejection of a worthy upbringing. Although *Get Out Early*, which moves from 1913 to 1967, chronicles estrangement from a different family, the Kinviers rather than the Ashteds, Tom is at its centre. Psychopath is too strong a word for this character, who relies on charm and duplicity to get through a ramshackle life. He always keeps something in reserve to outface each inevitable exposure—which he does more successfully than in the earlier book. One is left wishing there had been room to develop the characters on whom Tom preys, something which would have given it sufficient momentum to make fully effective the redemption that comes with his father's death and an encounter in a Soho drinking-club.

To publish a new novel after so long an absence may require more courage than a youthful début, and if *Get Out Early* does not match *Gryll Grange* (a masterpiece which must sustain many through writer's block), it is more than sufficient to leave one echoing Allen's remark, made in a schools' edition of *All in a Lifetime*, that "writing novels is one of the few worthwhile activities for a man".

Moody and maudit

Tim Dooley

DESMOND HOGAN
A New Shirt
205pp. Hamish Hamilton. £9.95.
0241 11928-6

A New Shirt, like Desmond Hogan's last, much more successful novel, *A Curious Street*, interweaves the experiences of two generations to evoke a cyclical pattern of disappointment and dislocation. The narrator, a well-to-do Dublin homosexual, reflects on the life of Nissim Mulr, a poet from the American Midwest whose career is vaguely reminiscent of—and roughly contemporary with—Hart Crane's. In a way that has become characteristic of Hogan's writing, sexual unhappiness and social disorder are linked by lyrical assertion:

What came between me and Gerry? Death. The death in the air to this country. Death and hybrid greys in the genitalia. What came between me and my sexuality? Moony, greed, lovelessness, but primarily the air in this country.

Hogan's bitterness about contemporary Ireland is fortified by some vivid glimpses of an underworld of male prostitution, gun-running

and heroic addiction. Other sections of the novel are much less well-focused. The American scenes add, in particular, the passages set in Lisbon lack detail or individuality of observation; development of character in general is given a subsidiary role, as Hogan's characters seek release from childhood traumas in frenetic and often destructive sex: a search for wholeness foundering amid stained bed-linen, bruised and broken flesh. Hogan's language also suffers in the process—inflation and imprecision offering the reader pictures of young men's "pale, ewe-white fingers" or "cerebral" limbs. The conclusion of *A New Shirt* finds the narrator in bed with Nissim's grandson, "a ray of sun lighting up the boy's blue and white striped T-shirt, transforming him into a resonance of an Easter which you had long hoped for in this shabby and slithering city".

Hogan's portentously symbolic emphasis on clothing, apparent on every page of this novel, hardly enlivens the arbitrary optimism of this epiphany. Its celebratory tone is, however, something of a relief after the moody, *maudit* quality of much of the book, and serves to remind the reader of the kind of visionary intensity that Hogan at his best is capable of.

Island revelations

Patricia Craig

HENRIETTA GARNETT
Family Skeletons
213pp. Gollancz. £9.95.
0575 03861-0

Henrietta Garnett's first novel is divided into three parts. The first is called "Malabary", after an Irish house of that name; at Malabary live orphaned Catherine, seventeen and in an unawakened state; her uncle Paik, a person of unseemly disposition who often greets when alone; and Nan, a privileged old servant ept to bring a saucer to indicate plague. The settled life of these three is about to come to an end, as Catherine first marries her cousin Tara (Henrietta Garnett is fond of fanciful names) and then loses him in an accident; and the house itself suffers a common fate of Irish houses: going west in an explosion rather half-heardly set off.

Paik has an ex-wife, Poppy, a one-time code-breaker, and Tara has a close friend, Gerald, a successful author. Poppy and Gerald are friends too. In Part Two, "Asylum", set ten

years after the first part, Gerald is visiting Poppy at a clinic in Switzerland where she is receiving orthopaedic treatment. Here he comes on Catherine, who has landed herself in the psychiatric department of the same clinic. She has been deranged by leading a dissipated life after the death of Tara and the destruction of Malabary. Gerald, who, meanwhile, has written a bestselling novel about Catherine and Tara, whisks Catherine off to an island in the Mediterranean owned by him; part three is called "Island".

On Gerald's island, Catherine discovers a talent for play-writing; her subject, like Gerald's, is herself and Tara. Soon Poppy arrives on a visit, and discloses to Catherine certain truths about her background (the "family skeletons" of the title).

Family Skeletons is one of those novels that play with the idea of fiction. A good many elements of the plot come at full strength: death, obsession, destruction and so forth, and the book is cast in an elegantly romantic mode. We could have done, though, with longer sentences ("Paik was in his study. He sat at his desk. He groaned.") and a less sketchy approach to character and setting.

The sinner's show

Katherine Bucknell

MAUREEN HOWARD
Expensive Habits
200pp. Viking. £9.95.
01903 2191-9

Expensive Habits, Maureen Howard's fifth novel, concludes with the fireworks of the American Bicentennial exploding above a small New England town on the night of July 4, 1976. It is a complex, funny, mad, disturbing account of the decades leading up to this national rite of passage. The cultural props and preoccupations are there—the *Sears Catalogue*, Times Square, McCarthyism, Vietnam, Warpage, teenage sex, The Grateful Dead. Howard weaves them into a polished and literary narrative rich in symbolic meaning.

Her characters are witty stereotypes of the American scene—the successful suburban doctor and his tennis-playing wife, the alcoholic son of an old New York family, the supercilious Latin American maid supporting her otherwise offspring in a Spanish Harlem tenement, the flamboyant and ruthless Hollywood director. Yet each is given a subtle reflecting consciousness. Negotiating many shifts in style and milieu, Howard presents these figures largely from within their own points of view. Towards them vitality and, occasionally, even pander. It also enables Howard to get at her central theme from unexpected angles. This theme might be described as the struggle of the American imagination to grapple with the tasks of history.

The heroine of *Expensive Habits*, Margaret Flood, is a celebrated writer; her books have been made into movies. But she has haunted her life to make it all as fiction. She has made herself the centre of every story and delegated others to the margins. Threatened with early death, Margaret is desperate to re-own herself. She writes two confessions, one for Jack Flood, her first husband, and one for Bayard Strong, the son of her second marriage to a New York aristocrat Pinkham ("Pinky") Van Vleet Strogg, and her only child. Margaret has recounted her sins. She "had never forgotten the elation as she walked out of the double-ended confession" in youth; she had especially liked "how the sinner ran the show".

Miraculously, the repentant Margaret is reunited from death by Flood's brilliant protégé, Dr Newman. But her confessions achieve

nothing: "Jack Flood does not read her correctly, her son not at all". It is Margaret, not her writing, that matters to those who love her.

In her autobiography, *Facts of Life* (1975), Howard wrote: "I mistrust confessions. They seem from the vantage point of my Catholic training to suggest an easy road to redemption." Margaret is not the only one in *Expensive Habits* looking for this easy road. Her maid, Lourdes, often turns at her bedroom altar to the "familiar story of her unworthiness". Lourdes, like Margaret, intends to be a better mother; she promises to swap her own pleasures for her son's happiness. But the scripts which Margaret and Lourdes imagine are never acted; instead their real worlds clash tragically. Only Sol Negaly, the Hollywood director, achieves a match of action and script;

and his "Dacudrama", as his researcher wife Tina learns, has nothing to do with reality.

It is the next generation which must redeem the past. To Margaret and Lourdes, their sons seem to hold the future in their hands; this proves to mean they must pay for it. Bayard "is blameless, the exceptional son"; yet he becomes the victim, in fact and symbol, of an insoluble, violent crime. The Strongs have survived the Revolution, the Civil War and waves of immigration continually redirecting American history. On losing his son, Pinky recovers the family strength. Margaret is silenced. The news media now run the show, and she is "the victim of others' stories". But Margaret and Pinky are reunited; it is Margaret, with her "spunk", who survives, unflagging and affirmative, at the novel's close.

From the hip

Alice H. G. Phillips

TAMA JANOWITZ
Slaves of New York
276pp. Picador. £3.50.
0330 29753-8

From its opening tale, related flamboyantly by a rich girl turned prostitute, to its final case history of a modern sado-masochistic relationship, Tama Janowitz's first collection of short stories is designed to attract the attention of the young and the trendy. But then, almost all of its characters are New York artists, art dealers, designers or models with reputations to make and high rents to pay; they know that catching the eye of the right people is what sells paintings or ideas—or whatever it is you're selling.

Janowitz keeps her balance on the tilted game board. She observes everything with a sharp eye but with a New York bohemian's true affection for her world, and applies her mischievous sense of humour to its artwork ("flatulent balloons"), personalities ("furious elves and faeries, in twentieth-century disguise") and social events:

One artist... made strange movements with his mouth like a kissing gourami. One artist was so famous he refused to sit with the rest of us; he had his own private table on the balcony, where he was seated with a famous French movie actress. The one sitting across from me was quite drunk... While he was talking to someone he picked up a full ashtay

Living with strangers

Jean Hanff Korelitz

IRIS FROMBERG SCHAEFFER
The Injured Party
200pp. Hamish Hamilton. £10.95.
0241 1946-4

Life has temporarily proved too much for Iris, the central character in Susan Fromberg Schaeffer's eighth novel, *The Injured Party*. Hospitalized with a high fever, she gradually relinquishes her commitment to the world, overwhelmed by a audacious understanding of its unwelcome truths. Even after her physical symptoms have subsided and she has returned to her Brooklyn home, Iris remains confined to bed, silent and indeed hereby acknowledging her husband and children. Her days are spent drifting in and out of perplexing dreams about secrets, and writing densely symbolic prose in her journal.

Clearly, something must be done; Iris's frustrated and angry husband, Mike, concedes that a "wild card" is needed to lead his wife out of the Dantean wood to which she has lost herself. But on cue, a knock at the door announces a visitor from Iris's past: John Stone, her fiancé of twenty-six years before. John has chosen this moment to arrive; announce that he is coming and ask, please, if he may be allowed to see her. He has nowhere else to go, and because there is unfinished business between him and Iris, he intends to attend to it. John's inevitable inclusion in the family drama is Iris's first words in weeks and her first words from her bed, but it also

brings new problems. While grateful for his wife's improvement, Mike now adds jealousy to his list of torments. "How do you think it feels to see you talking to a total stranger when you wouldn't talk to me?" he demands. "I'm not angry! I'm enraged!"

One understands why, for surely Mike must be one of the most tolerant husbands around, while John is hardly a benign presence in the family; he gets locked into graveyards with Iris, inspires a predatory lust in fifteen-year-old Evelyn and takes thirteen-year-old Nate to a "rock concert"—they are involved in a fight and end up in hospital.

And yet John is clearly doing Iris some good. He may be dying like "a car battery, running down", but he is able to pinpoint where Iris's symptoms have subsided and she has returned to her Brooklyn home, Iris remains confined to bed, silent and indeed hereby acknowledging her husband and children. Her days are spent drifting in and out of perplexing dreams about secrets, and writing densely symbolic prose in her journal.

Schaeffer employs a heavy hand with symbolism, and if John's timely appearance as angel-in-disguise taxes belief, the weighty prose that follows hardly compensates. *The Injured Party* is an often ponderous novel; hemmed not only by the unlikelihood of its central device but by its more than generous helping of melodrama. It concludes in Cornwall where Iris has come, at John's request, to scatter his ashes. As they drift off on the wind, the reader's mind drifts back 100-odd pages to Iris's own words: "Love, love, love." "Yuck."

Psychic in a crisis

Roz Kaveney

LEIGH KENNEDY
The Journal of Nicholas the American
208pp. Cape. £9.95.
0224 023497

Into a family already divided by the father's refusal to accept at any level the mother's approaching death, there comes the hard-drinking boyfriend of the elder daughter. He is prickly and paranoid and feels an elective affinity for the dying woman, who in turn looks to him for the emotional support she is not getting from her husband and will not accept from her daughter. They meet in secret, like lovers, so that she can talk of the approaching death which at home is treated like a gross breach of manners. Eventually he holds her hand while she takes an overdose, knowing that it will also be the end of his relationship with her daughter.

Nicholas, alienated from the college society around him by his unassimilated Russian immigrant family and by his psychic power to read emotions, a power which overloads and causes fever but can be tended by drink, is sure he is being followed by a psychiatrist who knows of his family's bloody past.

Either of these two plots might have made a conventional enough little novel: each has an appropriate diction and some equally appropriate and almost obligatory plot-gestures. The interesting technical trick of Leigh Kennedy's first novel is not only to combine the two potential books, but in doing so to allow the conventional versions of both to exist side by side and comment on each other. For a long time, we are not entirely sure that Nicholas—an unreliable narrator because certainly a drunkard, and possibly a mad one—is not making up everything that he tells us about his power, suffering from the common delusion of knowing what is really going on. But in the end his powers are validated in ways appropriate to both stories: in the SF-ish bit of the novel by the (it transpires) benevolent psychiatrist, in the psychodrama by the extent to which they help Susanne through the Kubler-Ross levels of acceptance.

The strengths of *The Journal of Nicholas the American* are its delineation of a variety of Colorado lifestyles, and its low-key portrait of a group of people faced with crisis. If it has a weakness it is that for a possibly paranoid drunk, to whom strong feeling in others comes as a blinding flame, Nicholas himself is altogether too reasonable, too nice, too unprepared to hit back, and more than is wholly credible, considerate to his girlfriend Jeek (their parting is altogether too sugary, and the hints of consolation at the end a deal too constructed). This is a technically accomplished and attractive book which at the emotional level somehow slightly misfires, tastes a little bland.

with Chelsea "how these women have survived their lives". As *Ice Dancing* progresses, the answer becomes clear when amid the drugs, the squabbles and the occasional deflections with men from the line, "a room full of victims" begins to develop into "the family of women" united against their harsh, male-dominated environment.

Bonds of sisterhood forged under such strained circumstances, however, can easily give way, and Amelia La Tourette rightly prefers realism to feminist polemic. Not long after Chelsea has been "surround[ed] with... care and concern", she is missing "that night was an illusion... we are not one big family of women". Towards the end of the novel, the women, battered and hardened by their encounters with men, can still raise their glasses "in silent salute" to Cherry's outburst, "Lord, there ain't nothin' like the first few days of a new man". A ruthlessly honest but essentially hopeful view of "the family of women" is depicted in this excellent first novel, which ends with Chelsea's eminently sane conclusion, "there are times when only another woman will do".

End of the line

Isabel Scholes

AMELIA LA TOURETTE
Ice Dancing
202pp. Pandora. £9.95.
086338 098-X

It is "the winter of the great oil pipeline", and five women board a plane to Fairbanks, Alaska, on their way to work as dancers in a bar managed by the eptly-named Mr North. There is easy money to be made, but the conditions are such that "working on the line" has become a refuge for those women who have, in their own estimation, reached the end of the line.

Chelsea, the narrator, has wrecked her career as a ballerina in a skiing accident, and is still "like the tendon. Sensitive, open, and liable to give way at any moment." She is pregnant and deserted, but her plight is no more pitiable than those of the other dancers—Jackie, for instance, scarred mentally and physically by an illegal abortion, and Cherry, who reckons that "any form of sex 'beats sleepin' with your damn father'". Soon we are wondering

A storm of magic

Emma Letley

DIANA WYNNE JONES
Howl's Moving Castle
212pp. Methuen. £7.95.
041615902

Diana Wynne Jones's eighteenth book is a very accomplished and assured fantasy. Set in the fairy world of Ingary, *Howl's Moving Castle* creates a land filled with magic spells, charmed suits of clothes, seven-league boots, demons, witches and wizards. At the same time, the book ingeniously updates a number of fairy-tale themes and motifs. Sophie, the heroine, is the eldest of three sisters whose parents keep a ladies' hat shop. She has a stepmother, who is attractive and frivolous, but not at all wicked; and two half-sisters, Lettice and Martha, who are quite unlike Ugly Sisters, being very pretty indeed. All is well until Mr Hatter dies: two sisters are apprenticed, one to a pastry-cook, the other to a witch; but Sophie is left disappointedly to work in the hat shop while stepmother Fanny goes out prying calls and drumming up custom. At this time the people of Ingary are talking about the Witch of the Waste who, after fifty years' quiescence, is ready to terrorize the country. She comes one day to the hat shop and casts a spell upon the unknown Sophie, transforming her into an old woman of ninety who is unable to tell anyone what has happened to her.

Thus freed to seek her fortune, Sophie goes to the Moving Castle and throws in her lot with Wizard Howl (or, in the real Welsh world, Howell). Howl is reputed to "amuse himself by collecting young girls and sucking their souls from them": a latterday Bluebeard, his castle appears on the hillside, surrounded by black smoke, above Sophie's home at Market Chipping. His reputation turns out to have belied him. Howl is a very humorous wizard, romantically inclined, rather cowardly, with a liking for rugby matches and stylish clothes, and a self-confessed "shining dishonesty". Despite his guitar (part of his much-moderized image) he is also that rare creature, an "unmusical Welshman".

Calcifer, a fire demon and ex-falling star, and one of the book's most lively characters, remarks that he always knew that Howl came from "foreign parts" but that his home "sounds like another world". The two worlds, Ingary and Wales, set each other off to good effect and the interchange between them is carefully controlled without seeming over contrived. The range of strange characters and adventures is striking and there are some impressive descriptions of magical effects such as that of a storm of magic with jumping packets, seething powders and n gaiter playing itself tunelessly. Sophie's transformation into an old woman is particularly well handled as part of a consistently inventive and often very amusing novel which can be warmly recommended to readers of eleven upwards.

In the backlands

Alan Brownjohn

IVAN SOUTHALL
Rachel
147pp. Angus and Robertson. £6.95.
0207153515

This is one of those stories in which very little happens, and what does is charged with huge symbolic significance. Thirteen-year-old Rachel is dispatched into a hazardous terrain of abandoned mine-workings, and the reader is simultaneously led into the equally perilous terrain of a poetic novel. The whole venture might have seemed merely bizarre and pretentious if Rachel's psychological plight had not been real and moving, and if the background and incidental detail had not been as absorbing and entertaining as they are. As it is, both Rachel the character and *Rachel* the book step back from the brink in time.

Because the school bell is rung by a pupil two minutes late at the end of the day on Election Eve, the unhappy culprit gets a bloody nose, and gangs of boys from the feuding families of this nineteenth-century Australian township come out to roam the streets and look for trouble. Rachel is terrified at the thought of the long walk home from her piano lesson to the safety of her family. One pack of marauding youths is scared off by the local drunk; but Rachel dives wildly into the backlands of the Devil's Hot Pot to escape another band, and young Eddie detaches himself from the group and comes to rescue her.

What the backlands really are (other than somewhere she is warned never to go) is left vague, and the exact nature of the physical danger Rachel and Eddie are facing is obscure. Little is made visible, or tangible. In this darkness nothing seems real or reliable. The place is a symbol of Rachel's adolescent fears and aversions, and one which almost takes up too much of the novel as the two young people struggle to save themselves from a black hole which they (and the reader) can only dimly comprehend. At last, several chapters later, they scramble out unharmed and find the road leading to home; where the hazards awaiting those who go into the backlands at night will be tangible enough.

Around Rachel's home and the Devil's Hot Pot stands a weirdly entertaining and very credible community of traders, miners and vagabonds who gaze in wonder and anticipation on the goldfields only hours away. This is a barbarous and pyramidal place, which yet has its own kind of dignity, decency and crazy wit. But it is portrayed impressionistically. Most of the characters are there while focus briefly,

then merge again into the background. Rachel's Dad, a mining engineer who faces an unequal electoral contest next day with the corrupt and canny Dave Hobson, is at one moment a solidly real, sensibly wise figure, and at the next a typical colonial paterfamilias from these rough and religious times. Rachel herself is alternately a recognizable young person and a symbol of alarmed girlhood. Ivan Southall has produced an unusual, oddly memorable tale. It seems certain to win the loyalty of those readers who appreciate the subtlety and wry humour with which he explores the hidden terrors besetting children who are becoming adolescents.

A bird's-eye view

Anthony Horowitz

JOHN GORDON
The Quelling Eye
152pp. Bodley Head. £5.95.
037031011X

The Quelling Eye grips the imagination before it even reaches the first word of prose. On the opening page there is a drawing of a falcon. Opposite it is a map of Goss Beck, where the story is set. It takes a few moments before you realize that the two images are in fact one and the same. The forest is in the shape of a wing, the streams are talons and a circular pool forms the falcon's eye.

The pool, as things turn out, is at the heart of the story. It stands in the garden of the young hero's house and its water has magical powers. When Chuck sees the sun, or the moon reflected there, his consciousness leaves his body to reform in a miniature version of himself. But the villain of the piece, Peregrine Falconer (whose name is surely too much of a bad thing), is trying to buy a house, to use the pool's magic for his own evil ends. Helped by his girlfriend and rather hindered by his well-meaning but sceptical mother, Chuck has to draw on the magic himself to save his house and, indeed, the whole valley.

The idea of the book is intriguing. The actual execution is strangely perplexing. "Dreams and magic were all mixed up to go," Chuck says at one point, and this is certainly true of the novel's motivation. The children are willing to accept that they can leave their bodies in miniature form and yet they consider Falconer mad because he believes he can fly. Falconer himself is hardly a villain of epic proportions. Apart from his desire to buy a house and to fly,



Ralph Steadman's view of Humpty-Dumpty after the fall, one of his illustrations to *The Complete Alice and the Hunting of the Snark* by Lewis Carroll (336pp. Cape. £15.00 022402820).

On the side of make-believe

Anna Vaux

TAMORA PIERCE
In the Hand of the Goddess
232pp. Oxford University Press. £7.95.
0192715518

In the Hand of the Goddess is part Arthurian, part teenage, romance. There are castles and enchanted cities, battles and adventure, all the light and dark of a courtly world, and there is also young love and a prince and the perplexities of a time when life is anything but a fairy-tale. The knightly world and the adolescent world both seem designed for trial by adventure, and for this would-be knight the Ordeal of Knighthood has as much to do with growing up as with chivalry or feats of arms. Indeed, more so. For Sir Alan is in fact a girl, Alanna, who has swapped places with her brother, and disguised herself as a boy. She finds that while magic changes the shape of her world, nothing

can change the facts of life, or make her cumbersome adolescence disappear.

The story leads us through a fairy-tale landscape without ever quite taking us into fairyland. On the one hand it is a traditional tale of good and evil, of strong versus stronger magic, which follows Alanna in her efforts to rid the city of Trebond of the evil sorcerer Duke Roger. On the other, it is an attempt to explore the problems of teenage identity and sexuality, which dwells (often comically) on the ambiguities of male disguise. As a result, it is never clear whom the story is aimed at: teenagers might find the fantasy too childish, while children might find the descriptions of Alanna's growing body, and the details of sexual discovery, too adult. Tamora Pierce does, however, occasionally strike a balance, as when her heroine lifts the tail of her magic cat to check its sex, in a moment which captures both a child's sexual curiosity and firm belief in the not so corporeal.

But Alanna does not remain a child, and such simple curiosity is left behind as the story takes up its more serious themes. She is to be a knight because she didn't want to do the things that girls are supposed to do. Yet what might have been developed as Alanna's feminist conscience – and given a modern slant to a tale in an ancient mould – is viewed instead as simply a childish phase. She will have grown up when she has learnt to accept her femaleness and can throw off her disguise; and while in the beginning of the book she strides manfully through a magic forest "sweating like a trooper", by the end she is preening herself in a moonlit garden. The realms of male and female are clearly marked. Indeed, sex is the through-route, the ground on which the whole puzzle of gender identity is worked out, as Alanna is made to flirt with and kiss the ladies at court in a ritual made peculiarly equivocal by her male disguise. It is not until she wins her prize that her threatened femininity is restored and she can become the kind of heroine her narrator wants her to be.

Although Pierce has created a self-contained fantasy world, the story is actually about the impossibility of escaping who and what you are. Both sexual and social strata are reinforced. Alanna tells the rogue George, who falls in love with her when he discovers she is a girl, that "like must marry like", and although he proves himself a more worthy suitor than Prince Jonathan, risking his life for her on countless occasions, he is left confined to a servile role in his den of thieves.

The novel's final focus on a distinction between appearance and reality is strangely at odds with a story full of wonder and mystery, where people glow violet or orange with magic that surrounds them, and cities hide ancient secrets. Despite her forays into psychological realism, Pierce remains very much on the side of the make-believe. In the end it is her narrative, not her heroine, that refuses to grow up.

Black Beauty, the "autobiography of a horse" by Anna Sewall, has been republished in a leather-bound facsimile edition by Michael O'Mara, 6 The Cloisters, 11 Salem Road, London W2 (285pp. £8.95 0948397500). One of a series of children's classics, the book contains sixteen plates in colour specially drawn for the original edition (published by Jarrold) by the sporting artist Cecil Aldin (1870-1935).

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TLS Listings

A comprehensive weekly selection of new and forthcoming books received by the TLS

The TLS Listings provides full publication details of those books received each week by the TLS which seem to fall within the main interests of our readers. Children's books, foreign-language books and paperback reprints of recent works are not included. We regret that we cannot answer telephone enquiries or enter into correspondence about inclusions and exclusions.

Anthropology

Giddler, Maurice, translated by Martin Thom The Mind and the Material: Thought, economy and society. Verso. 256pp. £27.95/\$34.95. 0 86091 136 5. 15/1/87.
Hart, Gillian Power, Labor, and Livelihood: Processes of change in rural Java. California UP. 238pp. £25.50/\$34.50. 0 520 05499 7. 10/86.
McGaffey, Wyatt Religion and Society in Central Asia: The Basmachi of Lower Zhetysay. Oxford UP. 208pp. £14.50 (paperback). 0 19 30093 2 (h.c.). 0 26 50030 0 (pb).
Nad, Kenneth E. Return to the High Valley: Coming of age (Studies in Melanesian Anthropology). California UP. 269pp. £15.95. 0 520 05664 7. 10/86.

Archaeology

Baerle, Loris, editor Etruscan Life and Afterlife: A handbook of Etruscan studies. Duckworth. 288pp. £15.95. 0 715 11128 6.
Cohen, David P. The Etruscan World. Duckworth. 288pp. £15.95. 0 715 11128 6.
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Art

Art, Gerhard, et al., editors Gothic and Renaissance Art in Northern Europe 1300-1550 (AA Art Book from Taschen Verlag, Munich).
New York Metropolitan Museum, UK distr. Lund Humphries. 499pp. £15. 0 715 11128 6.
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Brewer, Edwin W., and David Fraser The Papers of William Penn, vol. 5: Published Writings, 1660-1726: An interpretive bibliography. Philadelphia: Pennsylvania UP. 546pp. £40/\$40. 0 812 8019 9. 1/86.
Carpenter, Kenneth E. The First 350 Years of the Harvard University Library: Description of an institution. Harvard University Library. 216pp. £10. 0 812 8019 9. 1/86.

Biography, including letters and diaries

Allen, Guy S. The Last Confucian: Liang Shu-ming and the Chinese dilemma of modernity, 2nd edition. California UP. 412pp. £9.25/\$10.95 (paperback). 0 520 06118 4. 10/86.
Dumas, Maxine Martha Maxwell: Rocky Mountain woman (Women in the West series). Kansas UP. 335pp. £19.50. 0 8632 1192 9. 3/1/87.
Miles, Clark, and Bharati Mukherjee Days and Nights in Calcutta (1st pub. 1977). Penguin. 314pp. £3.95/\$5.95 (paperback). 0 14 009005 2. 4/1/86.

Japan, Robert Sugawara no Michizane and the Early Heian Court (East Asian Monographs, 120). Harvard UP. 431pp. £18.95. 0 674 85415 2. 10/86.
Klein, Peter Lee: The life and times of Dwight D. Eisenhower. Scribner. 478pp. £12.95. 0 436 06813 3. 10/86.

Corbridge, Charles Rudyard Kipling: His life and work (Penguin Literary Biographies, 1st pub. 1955). Penguin. 656pp. £4.95/\$12.95 (paperback). 0 14 009005 2. 4/1/86.

Chen, Shih-shan Oweo John, 1876-1939 (1st pub. 1981). Rodopi and Stoughton. 222pp. £25 (paperback). 0 304 32113 0. 12/1/87.

John, Michael Special Operations Executed: In Sorbia and Italy. Rodopi. 277pp. £12.50. 0 7183 0629 5. 24/1/86.

Marshall, Andrew Through the Bombings: The Blitz. Penguin. 111pp. £11.95. 0 7183 0680 1. 24/1/86.

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Spurdle, Bob The Blue Arena. Kimber. 249pp. £11.95. 0 7183 06279. 24/1/86.

Business

Collier, Mel, editor Microcomputer Software for Information Management: Case studies. Aldershot: Gower. 166pp. £15. 0 566 03535 3. 18/1/86.
Kharbanda, O.P., and E.A. Stallworthy Successful Projects with a Moral for Management. Aldershot: Gower. 267pp. £22.50. 0 566 02651 1. 4/1/86.
Prentice, William, and Malcolm Bird How To Make More Money from Your Business. Grafton. 269pp. £2.95 (paperback). 0 586 06474 5. 11/1/86.

Economics

Franks, Arthur New Technology at Work. Oxford: Clarendon. 216pp. £22.50 (hardcover). £7.95 (paperback). 0 19 878016 8 (h.c.). 0 19 878015 X (pb). 11/1/86.

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Caward, Barry Target: Battleship. Kimber. 268pp. £9.50. 0 7183 0630 9. 24/1/86.
Engel, Howard Murder on Location (A Benny Cooperman Mystery; 1st pub. in Canada 1982). Penguin. 222pp. £1.95/\$3.50 (paperback). 0 14 00774 2. 4/1/86.
Gelsant, Mary Lee Rare Earth. Hodder and Stoughton. 381pp. £10.95. 0 340 39438 2. 12/1/87.
Hansen, Joseph Fadeout (A Dave Brandstetter Mystery). Grafton. 170pp. £1.95 (paperback). 0 586 06971 2. 11/1/86.

Lanning, George Naives of My Person. Allison and Busby. 351pp. £10.95/\$17.95 (hardcover). £4.95/\$6.95 (paperback). 0 85031 695 2 (h.c.). 0 85031 696 0 (pb). 15/1/86.

Mearns, Monica The Green Line. Hamish Hamilton. 285pp. £10.95. 0 241 11975 8. 5/1/87.
Wideman, John Edgar A Glimpse Away. Allison and Busby. 188pp. £10.95. 0 85031 739 8. 15/1/86.

Fiction in English translation

Cortázar, Julio The Winners (1st pub. 1965). Allison and Busby. 374pp. £4.95 (paperback). 0 85031 597 2. 15/1/86.
Pérez Galdós, Benito, translated by Agnes Macey Gollin Fortunate and Unfortunate: Two stories of married women (1st pub. in US 1986). Viking. 218pp. £17.95. 0 670 81430 X. 29/1/87.
Roth, Joseph, translated by John Hare Hotel Savoy. Chatto and Windus. 183pp. £9.95. 0 7011 2879 8.
Skram, Amalie, translated by Allen Breen Betrayed. Pandora. 131pp. £9.95. 0 86338 114 5 (h.c.). 0 86338 099 8 (pb). 4/1/86.

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History, general

de Marly, Diana Working Dress: A history of occupational clothing. Batsford. 191pp. £15. 0 7134 5028 2. 11/1/86.
Saint-Laurent, Cecil A History of Women's Underwear. Academy Editions. 288pp. £25. 0 85670 901 8. 11/86.

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Hovell, Martha C. Women, Production, and Patriarchy in Late Medieval Cities (Women in Culture and Society series). Chicago UP. 285pp. £21.25. 0 226 35503 9. 11/86.
Whitlock, Mary J. The Origins of England, 410-600. Croom Helm. 278pp. £25. 0 7099 3079 6. 21/1/86.

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Bell, Donald Howard Santo San Giovanni: Workers, culture, and politics in an Italian town 1880-1924. (Class and Culture series). New Brunswick, NJ: Rutgers UP. UK distr. Europa. 285pp. £38. 0 8135 11429. 21/1/86.

Chambers, Anne Eleanor, Countess of Desmond, c. 1545-1638: A biography of Tudor Ireland. Dublin: Wolfhound. 256pp. £13.95. 0 86327 190 1. 27/1/86.

Cooper, Alan W. In Action with the Enemy: The holders of the Conspicuous Gallantry Medal (Flying). Kimber. 205pp. £15. 0 7183 0621 X. 24/1/86.

Greenwood, Cedric Glasgow tramway: The twilight of the Glasgow tram. Turfiff: Heritage. 71pp. £15. 0 85 121286.

Hulme, Peter Colonial Encounters: Europe and the native Caribbean 1492-1997. Methuen. 340pp. £25. 0 416 41860 0. 27/1/86.

Kelly, Terence Hurricane and Spitfire: Pilots at War. Kimber. 222pp. £12.50. 0 7183 0624 X. 24/1/86.

Lewis, Peter, and Corinna Pearson Media and Power: From Marconi to Murdoch (Graphic Guides). Camden. 187pp. £15. 0 85 121286.

May, Ernest R., and John K. Fairbank, editors America's China Trade in Historical Perspective (Studies in American-East Asian Relations, 11). Harvard UP. 388pp. £17.95. 0 674 85075 3. 10/86.

Schwartz, Vera The Chinese Enlightenment: Intellectuals and the legacy of the May Fourth Movement of 1919. California UP. 393pp. £31.95. 0 520 05027 4. 10/86.

Traynor, Gerald P., and Sylvia S. Wapnish, editors Print and Culture in the Renaissance: Essays on the advent of printing in Europe. New York: Columbia UP. 369pp. £30. 0 231 06128 8. 10/86.

Winter, J.M. The Great War and the British People. Macmillan. 340pp. 0 333 26582 3 (h.c.). 0 333 26583 1 (pb).
Wright, C.J., editor A History of British Industrial Relations, vol. 2: 1914-1939. Brighton: Harvester. 328pp.
0 7108 0933 6 (h.c.). 0 7108 1155 1 (pb).
Yug-fa Chen Making Revolution: The Communist movement in eastern and central China 1937-1945. California UP. 690pp. £47.95. 0 520 05002 9. 10/86.

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Delano, Anthony Slip-Up, revised edition (1st pub. 1977). Coronet. 219pp. £1.95 (paperback). 0 340 39872 8. 11/1/86.
Harrison, Leslie A Titanic Myth: The "Californian" incident. Kimber. 281pp. £12.50. 0 7183 0618 X. 24/1/86.
Samuel, Raphael, Barbara Bloomfield and Guy Banas The Enemy Within: Pi villages and the miners' strike of 1984-85 (History Workshop Series). Routledge and Kegan Paul. 260pp. £6.95 (paperback). 0 7102 0888 X. 15/1/87.

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Hahn, Roger The Anatomy of a Scientific Institution: The Paris Academy of Sciences, 1666-1803 (1st pub. 1971). California UP. 433pp. £12.75 (paperback). 0 520 05738 4. 10/86.
Jarvsky, David The Lysenko Affair (1st pub. 1970). Chicago UP. 459pp. £13.50 (paperback). 0 226 41031 5. 11/86.

Humour

Leah, Edward, introduction by Edward Strachey Nonsense Omnibus (1st pub. 1943). Penguin. 480pp. £11.95/\$16.95 (paperback). 0 14 00877 1. 4/1/86.

Language

Barzun, Jacques A Word or Two Before You Go: Brief essays on language. Middletown, CT: Wesleyan UP, distr. by Harper and Row. 190pp. \$14.95. 0 8193 5174 0. 20/1/86.

Law

Damaska, Mirjan R. The Faces of Justice and State Authority: A comparative approach to the legal process. Yale UP. 247pp. £26. 0 300 03567 5. 20/1/86.
Shklar, Judith N. Legalism: Law, morals, and political trials (1st pub. 1956). Harvard UP. 240pp. £6.75 (paperback). 0 674 52350 4 (h.c.). 0 674 52351 2 (pb). 10/86.

Literature and criticism

Brown, Phyllis Rugg, Georgia Roum Crampton and Fred C. Robinson, editors Modes of Interpretation in Old English Literature: Essays in honour of Stanley B. Greenfield. Toronto UP. 288pp. £24.50/\$40. 0 8020 5678 4. 10/2/87.

Childs, John Steven Modernist Form: Pound's style in the early Cantos. Seltschak, PA: Susquehanna UP/Associated University Presses. 199pp. £19.50. 0 941664 15 5. 27/1/86.

Crane, Susan Insular Romance: Politics, faith, and culture in Anglo-Norman and Middle English literature. California UP. 262pp. £25.50. 0 520 05497 0. 10/86.

Giffman, Ernest B. Iconoclasm and Poetry in the English Reformation: Down went Dagon. Chicago UP. 227pp. £10.95. 0 226 29382 3. 11/86.

Gleadow, Wendy Renaissance Revivals: City comedy and revenge tragedy in the London theatre 1576-1580. Chicago UP. 288pp. £21.25. 0 226 30923 1. 12/86.

Holme, Heinrich, translated by T.J. Reed Deutschland: A writer's tale. Allen. 111pp. £8.95 (hardcover). £4.95 (paperback). 0 946162 21 2 (h.c.). 0 946162 22 0 (pb). 8/1/86.

Herr, Cheryl Joyce's Anatomy of Culture. Urbana, IL: Illinois UP. 314pp. £21.95. 0 252 01234 8. 19/1/86.

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Hilton, Nelson, and Thomas A. Vogler, editors Unsettled Forests: Blinks and textualities. California UP. 267pp. £29.95. 0 520 05298 6. 10/86.

Hunter, William B. Milton's English Poetry, being essays from "A Milton Encyclopedia". Lewisburg, PA: Bucknell UP/Associated University Presses. 248pp. £20.95. 0 8387 5096 0. 27/1/86.

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Mark, Sylvia Kaye "Sir Charles Grandison": The complete conduct book. Lewisburg, PA: Bucknell UP/Associated University Presses. 173pp. £18.95. 0 8387 5090 7. 27/1/86.

Mills, Norman The Crowd in American Literature. Louisiana State UP. 146pp. £17. 0 8071 1286 0. 12/86.

O'Connor, Terence F. Jean Rhys: The West Indian novels. New York UP. 247pp. £35. 0 8147 6154 X. 12/1/86.

Ornstein, Robert Shakespeare's Comedies: From Roman farce to romantic mystery. Newark: Delaware UP/Associated University Presses. 265pp. £24. 0 87413 298 3. 27/1/86.

Rose, Jacqueline Sexuality in the Field of Vision. Verso. 256pp. £24.95 (hardcover). £7.95 (paperback). 0 85091 148 9 (h.c.). 0 85091 149 0 (pb). 8/1/87.

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